

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

No. 895, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Edited by David G. Ritchie. (Sonnenschein.)

THIS volume is the one contribution to the Carlyle biographical literature of which it is not only possible, but imperative, to speak in language of almost unstinted eulogy. There is not a page—there is hardly a line—in it which can be said to be superfluous. Mr. Ritchie is the most judicious of editors. He has neither the Froude bias nor the Norton bias, although the result of this publication will be to support the Norton view of Carlyle and of the relations between him and his wife. He lets Jane Welsh Carlyle, and, still more, Jane Baillie Welsh, speak (and even occasionally spell) for herself, without seeking to mend the sharp truths and sharper exaggerations which came from her pen. Mr. Ritchie's editorial notes are, moreover, precisely what editorial notes should be—informative, elucidatory, sometimes speculative and suggestive, never dogmatic or didactic. Only once in his book does Mr. Ritchie depart, or appear to depart, from the perfect editorial law of publishing only absolutely verified facts. That is where (pp. 315, 316) he gives an account of a meeting in Chelsea between Carlyle and Mr. Robert Scot Skirving, to whom Mrs. Carlyle wrote some letters which Mr. Ritchie publishes. On this occasion Carlyle figures decidedly as a bear, telling Mr. Skirving that he and his mother were fools because they had been reading a novel by Disraeli, and falling foul of him as "a damned impudent whelp of an Edinburgh advocate." This report of the Carlyle-Skirving rencontre may, of course, be strictly accurate; but, as a matter of fact, it is merely a record of Mr. Skirving's own impressions. Mr. Ritchie says: "Mr. Skirving met Mrs. Carlyle afterwards in Scotland, and she apologised for Carlyle's treatment of him." But, as regards both Carlyle's bearishness and his wife's apology for it, it may be well to read, as possibly bearing on both, these extracts from a letter written by her in 1834 to his mother, and given by Mr. Froude:

"He is really at times a tolerably social character, and seems to be regarded with a feeling of mingled terror and love in all companies; which I should expect the diffusion of Teufelsdröckh will tend to increase. . . . A Jack Thomson of Annan, whom I received in my choicest mood to make amends for Carlyle's unreadiness."

It is hardly possible not to entertain the suspicion that Mrs. Carlyle secretly enjoyed and perhaps approved of—even although she may have "apologised for"—her husband's unconventional candour and "unreadiness."

Mr. Ritchie in this volume gives a few

letters, interesting rather than important, from Carlyle, written chiefly to an acquaintance—a minister in the South of Scotland of the name of Aitken. But the bulk of it is composed of letters written by Mrs. Carlyle before her marriage, and during her early married life, to Mr. Ritchie's great-aunt, who, before she became the wife of Carlyle's acquaintance Aitken, was Miss Eliza Stodart. Miss Stodart, who lived in Edinburgh, where she kept house for her uncle, Mr. Bradfute, of the publishing firm of Bell & Bradfute, was a cousin—more or less—of Jane Baillie Welsh, and was accorded as many of the confidences of that apparently, rather than really, communicative young woman as she seems to have given to anyone. These letters confirm the impression created by *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Jane Welsh must have been an exceedingly attractive, vivacious, bright-witted girl; but she was a true child of the Lothians. The wind was almost always in the east with her. She seems to have been practically destitute of purely feminine sympathy and incapable of tolerance. She loved her father as a Frenchman loves his mother; but one can hardly conceive of her, under any possible circumstances, exhibiting love of the ordinary wifely, much less of the maternal, kind. In these letters the ghosts of old lovers cross the little stage at Haddington; and very ludicrous the poor fools look, for Jane Welsh's humour was quite as merciless and quite as graphic as Thomas Carlyle's.

"A certain goosish man, my quondam lover"; "the same sentimental-looking person with the open mouth who used to go about catching flies in Edinburgh"; "he retired to his inn and vapoured back in the course of an hour or so in all the pride of two waistcoats, one of figured velvet, the other of sky blue satin, gossamer silk stockings, and morocco leather slippers."

This is all very clever, but it is also a trifle hard. When one comes to Carlyle himself, in Jane Welsh's correspondence, one is told that

"he is something liker to St. Preux than George Craig is to Wolmar. He has his talents, his vast and cultivated mind, his vivid imagination, his independence, and his high-souled principles of honour. But then—ah, these buts!—St. Preux never kicked the fire-irons, nor made puddings in his teacup. Want of Elegance! Want of Elegance, Rousseau says, is a defect which no woman can overlook."

This is both clever and hard, but it is artificial as well. It is but an "exercise" in Rousseauism—well done, but girlish, and essentially insincere. But simply because she was clever, self-conscious, imitative, rapidly acquisitive, open-eyed, censorious to every fibre, artistically humorous to a fault, there is not one of Jane Welsh's letters that is not sprightly and—the east wind notwithstanding—very enjoyable. She is, perhaps, seen at her very best in an account of some length which she gives of her interview with a decidedly "goosish" and provincial creature, who asked her co-operation in a magazine which he was projecting.

This volume proves that if Jane Welsh had had her way in her Haddington days, she would have married neither Edward Irving nor Thomas Carlyle, but George Rennie, a well-to-do young Scotchman, who, being at once pushing and "unmelodious," became a

Member of Parliament and Governor of the Falkland Islands. To the last, and in spite of her belief both in Carlyle and in Carlylism, she was socially ambitious; and Rennie would have gratified her ambition. Hence it is that he simply pervades the earlier of her letters, and we find her even in her Chelsea days taking a curious interest in him and his doings. Mrs. Carlyle's letters from Craigenputtock and Chelsea are—except as examples of her style—not specially valuable, although they present the brighter side of her and her husband's life. "Carlyle growls along, but does no practical mischief," is her most acrid criticism of the man she was always criticising. Whoever, too, believes that this proud and courageous, though not profoundly sympathetic and inexplicably French, Scotchwoman was perpetually miserable at Craigenputtock had better read the letter to her Edinburgh friend, in which she says:

"There is nothing like a good bit of pain for taking the conceit out of one. Had I been newly returned from Edinburgh, my thoughts still wandering on the hilltops of vanity, it is probable I should have found life here, in the grimmest of weather, almost intolerable; but being newly recovered from a sore throat, I am quite contented beside a good fire, with a book or work, and the invaluable capacity of swallowing, though the desert around looks the very headquarters of winter, and our knocker hangs a useless ornament."

Obviously Carlylism, thoroughly worked out and patiently practised, is not without its consolations, and even its pleasures.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Life and Labour. Vol. I.—East London. Edited by Charles Booth. (Williams & Norgate.)

THERE is something Thueydidean in the laboriousness and severe impartiality of Mr. Booth's work. His book may be contrasted as a "possession for ever" with the ephemeral popular writing of the many whose easy beliefs are formed without scrutiny. Their unverified impressions are dispelled by his statistical researches. Thus there is found to be no ground for the alarm which has prevailed in some quarters that society is threatened with an invasion of barbarians from the East End. The numbers of the criminal and dangerous class are proved to be comparatively small—not an eightieth part of the entire population. By far the largest class is formed by the respectable fairly well-to-do workmen, earning regular standard wages. On either side of this solid column extend the thinner ranks of the very rich and the very poor. This population is grouped, in respect of earnings, much in the same way as in respect of height, weight, and other attributes. Nor can it be altogether accidental that Mr. Booth's statistical diagrams present a general resemblance to that curve of distribution which, as Quetelet and Mr. Galton have shown, is apt to prevail among almost all statistical phenomena.

Mr. Booth does not merely register the earnings of the people; he also pictures their life and manners. He shows us the interior of the working-men's club, which he is far from condemning as a drinking den.

"Coarse though the fabric may be, it is shot

through with golden threads of enthusiasm. Like co-operation and like socialism, the movement is a propaganda, with its faith and hopes, its literature and its leaders."

Even for the public-house Mr. Booth has a good word; especially now that the publican, threatened by the temperance movement, is setting his house in order. Concerning the diversions of the people, we read that keen dialectic is their especial passion. It is often exercised on religious questions. As to the influence of religion Mr. Booth expresses himself with tantalising brevity:

"Comparatively few go to church; but they strike me as very earnest-minded, and not without religious feeling, even when they say, as I have heard a man say (thinking of the evils which surrounded him), 'If there is a God he must be a bad one.'"

Mr. Booth's reflections upon the lot of the masses may be summed up in the following weighty words:

"An analysis of the elements of happiness would hardly be in place here, but it may be remarked that neither poverty nor wealth have much part in it. The main conditions of human happiness I believe to be work and affection, and he who works for those he loves fulfils these conditions most easily."

So great a task has not been performed by Mr. Booth singlehanded. He has been aided by an able band of assistant investigators. Each of these has described in a separate monograph the fates and fortunes of some particular industry. A somewhat wider subject is covered by Miss Collett's careful article on "Women's Work." The "Influx of Population" is discussed by Mr. Llewellyn Smith in an essay distinguished by ingenious statistical artifices, and conducting to reasoned conclusions very different from the loose assertions of alarmist writers on the subject.

It would be impossible here to present even an outline of the immense mass of information contained in this series of studies. We shall notice only one or two views which appear to be common to all, or most, of the writers. It seems that the opinions implied in the popular conception of a "sweater" have no foundation in fact. The evils which have excited indignation are not connected with any particular form of contract or sub-contract. For example, in the tailoring trade the worst paid work is that of the "tallyman," who takes orders direct from the actual wearer without the intervention of any contractor. The efficacy of "middlemen" has been greatly exaggerated.

"The nineteenth-century patent sounding machine of competitive trading has pierced through the series of middlemen, and has at length struck the low level of the actual rate at which labour is willing to sell itself in the East End market."

The essence of the evil which threatens us seems rather to be the tendency of labour to become degraded by an unlimited and cut-throat competition. "Industry moves from a higher to a lower grade of labour; and in a short time the low prices which result from low-paid labour, instead of from improvement in organisation and methods, are matched by the bad work given in return." The deterioration of the standard of life is apprehended in many of the principal industries. An ex-

ception is formed by the tobacco workers, who are placed in a somewhat peculiar position by the action of government in carrying out its fiscal policy.

The arrangement in an easily accessible form of a mass of information so copious and detailed as these monographs contain presents a difficulty which has not perhaps been surmounted by all the writers. In some places the interminable array of facts appears to extend too uniformly over a dead level, neither reviewed from the commanding height of some theoretical point of view, nor marshalled by the artifices of an index and a table of contents, nor thinned by the judicious use of an appendix. All parts of the book do not appear to us so lucid as Miss Beatrice Potter's studies on "The Docks" and on "The Jewish Community." From the author of the *Diary of a Working-Girl* we expected picturesque description and piquant detail, and we have not been disappointed. We may notice as particularly graphic the description of the landing of the Jewish immigrants:

"Polish and Russian Jews, some sitting on their baskets, others with bundles tied up in bright coloured kerchiefs. Stamped in the countenance and bearing of the men is a look of stubborn patience; in their eyes an indescribable expression of hunted, suffering animals, lit up now and again by tenderness for the young wife or little child, or sharpened into a quick and furtive perception of surrounding circumstances. . . . The steamer is at rest; the captain awaits the visit of the Custom House officials. All eyes are strained, searching through the shifting mist and dense forest of masts for the first glimpse of the eagerly hoped-for relations and friends, for the first sight of the long-dreamt-of city of freedom and prosperity. Presently a boat rows briskly to the side of the vessel; seated in it a young woman with mock sealskin coat, Vandyke hat, slashed up with blue satin, and surmounted with a yellow ostrich feather, and long six-buttoned gloves. She is chaffing the boatman in broken English, and shouts words of welcome and encouragement to the simple, bewildered peasant who peers over the side of the vessel with two little ones clasped in either hand. Yes! that smartly dressed young lady is her daughter."

Equally vivid is the picture of the Jewish service and congregation. Here, again, the feathers and finery of the Jewess are conspicuous, contrasted strangely with "the old-world memories of a majestic religion." These ostrich feathers and purple patches do not appear to us out of place in a work of scientific research. Like the colours of Mr. Booth's beautiful statistical maps, the brilliancy of his ablest coadjutor's style aids apprehension and memory. But form and colour are not the only attractions possessed by the monographs which we have selected for especial commendation. The writer has her own economic philosophy, which does not shrink from the hardy treatment of the facts of life. She is no sentimentalist, holding rather with Louise Michel "La philanthropie, c'est un mensonge." On the other hand, she protests against unmitigated *laissez faire* in passages like the following:

"It is by competition, and by competition alone, that the Jew seeks success; but, in the case of the foreign Jews, it is a competition unrestricted by the personal dignity of a definite standard of life, and unchecked by the

social feelings of class loyalty and trade integrity. . . .

"The immigrant Jew seems to justify by his existence those strange assumptions which figured for man in the political economy of Ricardo—an always enlightened selfishness seeking employment or profit with an absolute mobility of body and mind, without pride, without preference, without interests outside the struggle for the existence and welfare of the individual and the family. We see these assumptions verified in the Jewish inhabitants of Whitechapel; and, in the Jewish East-end trades, we may watch the prophetic deduction of the Hebrew economist actually fulfilled in a perpetually recurring bare subsistence wage for the great majority of manual workers."

It will be seen that we are not of those who hold that statistical writings should be mere repertoires of facts. The Statistical Society, of which Mr. Booth is an ornament, appears to us to have acted wisely in abandoning its original emblem of a sheaf of wheat, indicating the harvest of facts, with the legend *Alis extirpandum*. Mr. Booth, at any rate, has not adopted that motto. He gives us the practical conclusions to which his statistical investigations lead. In his judgment, the principal difficulty and danger are constituted by the existence of Classes A and B, the lowest and the penultimate strata in the succession of social depths. Class A, if we understand his proposal rightly, is to be "harried out of existence" by the pulling down of its rookeries, and other vexatious proceedings. A milder doom awaits Class B. They are to be employed by the state, "well-housed, well-fed, and well-warmed." The government would lose pecuniarily by the transaction; but society would gain, if, as Mr. Booth computes, by abolishing the competition of Class B, the earnings of the higher classes would be so enhanced as to suffice for their own wants, and to cover the deficiency incurred by the state. So long as that deficiency does not exceed a certain limit, the semi-pauperised class are to "live as families." But those who are onerous in a higher degree will be moved on to the poor-house, "where they would live as family no longer." Such is the scheme of "limited socialism" which has forced itself on a singularly unprepossessed and impartial mind in the course of one of the most careful statistical investigations which have been ever made.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

4 *Visit to Stanley's Rear-Guard at Major Barttelot's Camp on the Aruhwimi. With an Account of River-Life on the Congo.* By J. R. Werner. (Blackwood.)

THIS title, which it is an open secret has been modified since the book was first advertised, is a good instance of what a title ought not to be. For reasons too obvious to need comment, it puts in the forefront what was a mere episode in the author's two years' residence in the Congo Free State, and throws in as an addendum what forms the essential, though, at the moment, the less attractive part of the work. Of the fourteen chapters, twelve are occupied directly or indirectly with "an account of river-life on the Congo," and two only with the "visit to Stanley's rear-guard, &c.," title and sub-title being thus exactly

reversed. But when the "episode" has passed into the domain of ancient history—a process sufficiently rapid in these feverish times—the title-page can be re-adjusted with more consideration for the fitness of things and the expectations of future purchasers of the volume.

As a professional engineer, Mr. Werner's reputation is understood to stand high; and in this capacity he certainly rendered good service to the Congo State at some critical moments during an engagement of a little over two years—June, 1886, to end of July, 1888—brought to an abrupt conclusion by illness. It is desirable to be accurate on this point, as he himself refers somewhat vaguely to the subject, the period going on at a crescendo rate from "two years," at p. 50, to "nearly three," at p. 297, and "three," without the "nearly," two pages further on. However, a residence of even two years, not confined to one or two stations, but almost continually afloat on one or another of the little steamers now plying on the great equatorial artery and its countless navigable affluents, is a tolerably good certificate of competency to pen "an account of river-life on the Congo." Mr. Werner's account is in fact excellent, full of graphic pictures and shrewd remarks on man and his surroundings, and revealing at every page a spirit of generous sympathy for the teeming populations at present distracted between the rival claims of two antagonistic civilising agencies. Like so many other observers, he is struck by the seeming paradox that an imperfect state of culture is in many respects worse than downright savagery; and on this interesting topic, which lies at the root of the now rampant pessimism, his reflections are singularly just and to the point.

"Nature, when left alone, does her own scavenging; but, as civilisation advances, the works of man often interfere with the natural drainage, without providing any substitute; and it is only when the population has been decimated by disease that men's eyes are opened. . . . The primitive savage living in his hut has no need of dust bin or dust cart. The ants from the large hill close by will soon make short work of any meat he may have left on the bones; the sexton-beetle will soon bury what remains out of sight; and the wind and rain sweep all feathers and dirt into the river. . . . As civilisation advances, roads are made, the ant-hills get destroyed, and hawks and carrion birds disappear before the death-dealing shot gun. The natives congregate together in large towns, without any improvement in their sanitary arrangements, where the salutary effects of wind and rain are probably neutralised by the way in which the streets are built; and so things go on till disease is generated, and men fall by hundreds."

And coming nearer home we see analogous evils developed on a far vaster scale by the very efforts of philanthropy at the improvement of the proletariat classes—light and air shut out by huge piles of "Peabody buildings," which yield handsome returns to those pests of urban life, the great ground landlords, but which enormously increase the density of the population in a given area, without any compensation in the way of open spaces, patches of green sward, or playgrounds for the swarms of children now more than ever crowding our dangerous thoroughfares. Were these results to be regarded as

final, we should all have to be pessimists; but it is because we know that civilisation has not said the last word on the social problem that we do not yet despair of the future of humanity.

Most readers will naturally turn to the section dealing with "Stanley's Rear-Guard"; but as the events referred to all took place before Maj. Barttelot's murder, their hopes of gleanings any first-hand information regarding subsequent events will necessarily be disappointed. But if Mr. Werner saw nothing of Stanley and has little to tell us about the famous expedition to the relief of Emin Pasha, he picked up a good deal of interesting information regarding the capture of Stanley Falls by the Arab slave-hunters, and its heroic defence by Mr. Deane. He also saw something of Tippoo Tip during the expeditions between the Falls and Barttelot's camp on the Aruwimi; but was not very favourably impressed by that wily mestizo, whose anomalous position as slave dealer by instinct and Stanley's ally by choice has been such a puzzle to observers of recent events in the Congo Free State. At their first interview near the Falls, expecting to see an Arab of light complexion, Mr. Werner

"was somewhat surprised to find Mr. Tippoo Tip as black as any negro I had seen; but he had a fine, well-shaped head, bald at the top, and a short black beard, thickly strewn with white hairs. He was dressed in the usual Arab style, but more simply than the rest of the Arab chiefs, and had a broad, well-formed figure. His restless eyes gave him a great resemblance to the negroes' heads with blinking eyes in the electric advertisements of somebody's shoe polish which adorned the walls of our London railway-stations some years ago, and earned him the name of 'Nubian blacking.'"

To Tippoo's "treachery" is attributed the collapse of Stanley's "rear-guard" on the lower Aruwimi; and as he is "a devout Mohammedan, who carries the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other," this "most powerful of all the slave-raiding Arabs between the Aruwimi and Tanganyika" certainly seems a weak reed for either Stanley or the Free State to lean upon in their efforts at the regeneration of the Central African populations. Yet this is the man who, after the recovery of the Falls Station,

"was established there as governor, and the country round about left for a whole year to the mercy of men whose only objects in life are—like those of the Spaniards of old—the amassing of wealth for themselves, and the spreading of their religion—a religion of carnage, sensuality, and lust. . . . Left to himself for a whole year, without even a letter to tell him why the European officer had not arrived, Tippoo naturally followed the promptings of his Arab instincts, and raided the country right and left. The state of depopulation, on my arrival in the spring of 1888, showed only too plainly how he had fulfilled the terms of the treaty [of February 24, 1887]. . . . By the conditions under which Tippoo was left at Stanley Falls after his appointment as governor, the flag of the Congo State was made to afford protection to the oppressor, and the Lone Star banner of freedom was dragged in the mire."

The full significance of these statements will become apparent a little later on; and mean-

while Mr. Werner deserves the thanks of the European public for his outspoken language, at a time when certain notorious attempts at a *suppressio veri* have already had an ephemeral success. On the other hand, he appears to have been mystified by the groups of "poles" often noticed by travellers on the slopes of the hills skirting the Middle Congo, and which he was informed

"were placed to mark the spot where the corpses of decapitated slaves had been thrown into the river. It appears that at a place called Lusengo, whenever the natives have a great massanga-drinking, they cut off the heads of one or more slaves, and throwing the bodies into the river set up a pole to mark the place, to the top of which is tied the dead man's loin-cloth. I do not know whether the pole is driven through the body of the victim, but imagine that it is so, as during the whole time I have been at Bangala, I have not seen above four dead bodies floating down the river."

This recalls the "stakes" observed by the Anglican divine during his ramblings in the Balkan Peninsula, and by him supposed to be the gibbets used by the "unspeakable Turk" for impaling his Serbian and Bulgarian Christian subjects. Only on the banks of the Danube it was "scarecrows"; on the banks of the Congo it was the stems of palm-trees killed by the rude native method of extracting both oil and wine from "those valuable plants, which, when leafless and of a sombre grey, present the appearance of so many gibbets set up on the hillside" (*Reclus*, xiii.).

Elsewhere crocodiles are spoken of, which were "perhaps upwards of 50 ft. long," and one seen by the author himself was reckoned by him to be "quite 50 ft. long." Saurians of this size are usually supposed to belong rather to a mesozoic or tertiary fauna, and none exceeding 28 or 30 ft. appear to have ever been observed even in the Nile waters, where this reptile is said to attain its greatest length. Hence the "quite fifty feet" must, at all events, be received with some degree of reserve.

Among the illustrations, for the most part rather poor reproductions of sketches by the author, there are a few good photographs of Stanley, Barttelot, Jameson, and one or two other Congo celebrities. The book is also provided with an Index, and a useful map of the Congo basin brought up to date, consequently showing the course both of the Aruwimi and of the Mobangi-Welle so far as traced by Junker and Grenfell. The head-stream of the Aruwimi is made conjecturally to flow from the Muta-Nzige, which is, of course, entirely separated from the Albert Nyanza, and extended southwards to within some eighty miles of Tanganyika.

A. H. KEANE.

Essays, chiefly Literary and Ethical. By Aubrey de Vere. (Macmillan.)

MR. AUBREY DE VERE'S second collection of miscellaneous papers provides less material for interesting comment than its predecessor, the two volumes of *Essays, chiefly on Poetry*. I have no evidence save that supplied by the volume itself to warrant the hypothesis, but I cannot help thinking that the appearance of the present work is the result of an after-thought—that when Mr. Aubrey de Vere sent out his former volumes he sent them out

with the feeling that they included all his fugitive prose contributions which were deserving of permanence, at any rate, those which were *most* deserving; but that the warm welcome extended to the collection by many competent critics has encouraged him to give the same permanence to essays which his discrimination had at first prompted to leave ungathered from their original resting-places in periodicals or pamphlets. Of course I may be altogether wrong; but I do not know how, otherwise than by this hypothesis, to account for the fact that the results of the gleanings are—not merely in quantity, but in general quality—somewhat less satisfying than those of the reaping.

When I reviewed in the *ACADEMY* the *Essays, chiefly on Poetry*, I pointed out—with, I hope, due courtesy and respect—what seemed to me not unimportant defects of substance and expression; but, when all real or imaginary faults were allowed for, the greater number of the papers had an intellectual or literary interest, a permanent *raison d'être*, which is not to be found in more than two or three of the ten essays included in the present volume. Among the non-literary contents of the book are a couple of exceedingly admirable articles. The pages devoted to "A Policy for Ireland" and to "Proportionate Representation" display qualities which suggest the conclusion that had Mr. Aubrey de Vere turned his attention to statesmanship he might have made a mark not less honourable than he has made in literature; and there is some reason to fear that, simply because he has chosen to be known as a *littérateur* rather than as a politician, these thoughtful and wise utterances may attract less attention and be read with far less earnest consideration than they deserve. The columns of a literary journal are not, however, a fit place in which to comment upon or discuss Mr. Aubrey de Vere's views upon current burning questions of politics—an unfitness which, to one reader at least, is a matter to be regretted, for the essays devoted to literary subjects are, with one exception, much less weighty in substance and vigorous in handling than these excursions into the domain of political thought.

This exception is the essay on "The Personal Character of Wordsworth's Poetry," read before the Wordsworth Society in 1883, which will be familiar to some readers, as it has since then been printed in the interesting volume entitled *Wordsworthiana* published under the society's auspices, but which can be read a second or a third time with both pleasure and profit. Mr. Matthew Arnold's remark, that Wordsworth has been specially fortunate, inasmuch that all who have written about him have written well, finds some of its pleasantest illustrations in Mr. Aubrey de Vere's contributions to Wordsworthian criticism; and his latest contribution is worthy of its predecessors, displaying all their fine veracities of sympathetic insight, and having no fault but one rendered inevitable by external conditions for which the writer was not responsible and which he doubtless deplored—the fault of undue brevity. In this essay Mr. Aubrey de Vere regards the work of Wordsworth from the point of view of one who sees in poetry not a mere "creation of the poet's intellect" but "the embodied

progeny of his whole spiritual being." He very justly says:

"It is not a single faculty of the mind that originates a true poem, though the imagination is specially needed for the end; it is the whole mind, and not the mind only, but the whole moral and emotional being, including those antecedent habits and experience which fitted that being for its task. In this respect the highest poetry has some analogy to religious faith. It is this also which makes poetry such a large thing, and which constitutes the infinite variety of poetry."

This vital relation between the really great poet and his work—the latter being not simply produced by the former, but begotten and conceived by a sort of spiritual generation—is universal; but its indications vary both in number and in obviousness. In the work of Wordsworth they are at once numerous and clear; and, therefore, the "personal character" of his poetry provides a specially suggestive and fruitful theme. Of course it is not a theme which has been altogether ignored by Mr. Aubrey de Vere's forerunners; but he, more adequately than they, has recognised its full promise of result, and has, therefore, treated it more systematically and effectively. Mr. Aubrey de Vere criticises, as other writers have criticised, Wordsworth's arbitrary division of his work into poems of the "Affections," of the "Fancy," of the "Imagination," and of "Sentiment and Reflection"; but he provides a new and weighty objection to the poet's classification by pointing out that, in addition to its irritating quality and its want of real outline, it has the further and more serious disadvantage of concealing from readers capable of being misled by names the essential co-operative unity of the spiritual and intellectual factors to which the variously described poems owe their existence. He writes—

"All these faculties [fancy, reflection, &c.] are doubtless found, though with diversities of proportion, in Wordsworth's poems; but they are almost always found in union, and they are ever marshalled under the control of the highest poetic faculty—viz., the imagination. . . . It is but in a few of Wordsworth's inferior poems, such as might have been written by his imitators, that the higher faculties and impulses are found in separation. In his best poetry the diverse elements of the human intellect and of the human heart are found, not only in a greater variety, but in a closer and more spiritual union, than in any other poetry of his time; and from that union rose the extraordinary largeness of character which belonged to it."

One cannot help regretting that Mr. Aubrey de Vere did not pause to illustrate the statement made in the second of these sentences; indeed, as I have already hinted, the essay would be enriched by some of that elaboration, of which, both in this volume and elsewhere, he is sometimes too prodigal. In leaving an essay on which it would be pleasant to linger, I may point out a misprint which has escaped correction. On p. 328 appears the following sentence: "In any case his [Wordsworth's] sympathies for men must have been held in check by the stately severity of his moral ideals." It is abundantly manifest from the context that the word "with" should take the place of "for," the point of the paragraph being that Words-

worth's sympathies were "rather for than with men."

Longer, but much less satisfactory, than the essay just noticed, are the three papers devoted to the poetry of Archbishop Trench, Sir Samuel Ferguson, and Mr. Coventry Patmore. The first of these articles is undoubtedly the best; but there is not much of importance to be said about the archiepiscopal contribution to English verse, which was pleasing rather than in any way remarkable. Indeed, the critic seems to have been half-conscious of the tenuity of his nominal theme, for many pages of the essay are devoted to an edifying, but surely superfluous, defence of religious poetry, in the course of which he argues most seriously and earnestly with some people in whose existence it is very hard to believe—people who maintain that "philosophy would cease to be a fit theme for poetry if it became Christian philosophy," who allege that "poetry should confine itself to secular themes when it deals with narrative," and who declare that "saintly characters are too like each other for poetic illustration." There cannot be need for a painstaking refutation of such propositions as these.

The other two essays named were probably published as reviews of the books with which they deal, and as such they are irreproachable. In an account of a new work written for some critical journal a running description and commentary, with occasional extracts, are perfectly satisfying; but work of this kind has no permanent place in literature. Of the most elaborate essay of all, to which the place of honour is given—"Some Remarks on Literature in its Social Aspects"—I fear I cannot speak to profit, for I frankly confess I have been unable to get more than a faint glimmering of its main drift. Mr. Aubrey de Vere seems to think that the fact of literature being a moral force is insufficiently recognised, and he seems also to be much exercised by the moral influence of the literature of our own day. Literature which was once a vocation, then a profession, has become a trade, and with this degradation of its status has come a depravation of its influence. I cannot but think that Mr. Aubrey de Vere disquiets himself in vain. The Art for Art School, which alone denies his first proposition, is a very small, though a very noisy, minority; and writers by vocation, by profession, and by trade, have not lived in different consecutive periods like the men of the stone and of the iron age, but are all to be found working among us to-day. We have doubtless now more frivolous and harmful books than we have ever had, because we have more books of all kinds; but so long as their effect is largely neutralised by other books instinct with health, purity, and piety—books, for example, like those of Mr. Aubrey de Vere himself—there can be no need for our spirits to be cast down within us.

The three remaining essays deal with ecclesiastical and theological questions which, like the political questions above referred to, cannot be fully discussed here. I may, however, mention a purely logical difficulty suggested by his "Remarks on the Philosophy of the Rule of Faith." Mr. Aubrey de Vere unreservedly condemns private judgment; and yet, if his essay has any practical object

at all, that object must lead his readers to exercise their private judgment in favour of the views which he commends to them. Is there not some confusion here?

JAMES ASHCROFT NORBLE.

Bench and Bar. By Mr. Serjeant Robinson. (Hurst & Blackett.)

It is just as well, perhaps, that there are only six serjeants at law still surviving who have not attained the judicial bench, and that one of them is a county court judge, and another, Serjeant Pulling, has already written his book (and a very interesting and valuable one, too). Otherwise there would be an appalling prospect of legal jokes, *crambe repetita*, still to be produced before a somewhat satiated public, if every "one of the last of an ancient race" is to imitate Serjeant Ballantine and Serjeant Robinson and give the world the benefit of his recollections and reflections.

It must, however, be admitted that so long as he confines himself to his recollections—or rather to his memoranda—Serjeant Robinson is an agreeable companion for a railway journey, or as the "idle" proser "of an empty day" by the seaside. It is always interesting to the present generation to be reminded of the days when the Thames was still a river and not a mere open sewer; and when the young barrister could, after devouring his commons at the "half after four," get into a boat at the Temple Stairs and pull up to Battersea, or down to Limehouse, or could watch the gorgeous barges of the City companies gliding up the river to more solid repasts at Hampton Court. It is pleasant, too—in the Lucretian sense of pleasure by contrast with others' pains—to recall the terrible dangers that beset the advocate from special pleadings, or wearing a beard and moustache, for which grave crime Serjeant Robinson recollects a practitioner at the Old Bailey being turned out of the Bar-mess.

Serjeant Robinson can mar a curious tale in telling it as well as another when he trusts to his memory. He makes rather a hash of Mr. Justice Maule's famous summing-up to the jury when a man, whose first wife had run away from him, was tried for bigamy; and he relates at appalling length in prose a poetical skit on Baron Parke as a special pleader. Whether he is right, too, in his account of the story of the Jameses may be doubted. According to him, Edwin James, subsequently disbarred, was called James I.; one of his devils, James II.; and one Allan, a young relation, the Young Pretender. The present received version, whether revised or not, is that the present Sir Henry James was once addressing the court, and thinking the presiding judge had mistaken who he was, said so; when the judge replied he knew very well there were three Jameses, and he distinguished the late Lord Justice, then at the bar, as James I., Edwin James, as James II., and his interlocutor as the Young Pretender—an attempt at a snub of which the author must have subsequently repented when the Young Pretender became Attorney-General.

But there are many good stories in the book. Perhaps some of the best are the

"bulls" attributed to Serjeant Arabin as a judge at the Old Bailey—e.g.,

"Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigating circumstances in this case. I will therefore give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have irretrievably lost";

or again to a witness:

"My good man, don't go gabbling on so. Hold your tongue, and answer the question that is put to you."

Another good bull is recorded of Phillips, the Old Bailey practitioner, whose conduct in calling God to witness the innocence of Courvoisier has been the subject both before and since of so much platitudinous comment, and "whose flowers of eloquence," Lord Brougham described as "horticultural, not floricultural." He told a witness whom he detected kissing his thumb instead of the book, "You may desave God, sir, but you won't desave me." (The Serjeant, by the way, spoils the story by making him say "You may try to desave God.") Phillips, when a judge in the insolvent court, told an insolent insolvent, who said that he had retained none of his possessions, and that all were in the hands of his creditors, "You do not mean all. You certainly retained for your own use your self-possession." Another Old Bailey practitioner named Curwood—Serjeant Robinson's experience seems to have been mostly of the "Sessions and Ancient Bailey" type—told a brother practitioner that he verily believed that "if you were to rake the infernal regions with a small-tooth comb, you would not find a woman with a tongue and a temper like Mrs. Curwood's." But Mr. Justice Maule, as usual in legal anecdotes of the time, is the great source of legal merriment. There is one told anew here, which ought to be quoted whenever it reappears, as the same farce is still gone through now as then. The judge, to a little girl of tender years about to give evidence:

"Do you know what an oath is, my child?" "Yes, sir; I am obliged to tell the truth." "And if you always tell the truth, where will you go to when you die?" "Up to heaven, sir." "And what will become of you if you tell lies?" "I shall go down to the naughty place, sir." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Yes, sir; quite sure." "Let her be sworn. It is quite clear she knows a great deal more about it than I do."

A witness once said to him: "My Lord, you may believe me or not, but I have told the truth, and I have been wedded to truth from my infancy." "Yes, sir," said Maule, "but the question is, how long you have been a widower."

Serjeant Robinson reports that the Western Circuit was at this time famous for its long-winded bores; and that Parke, going that circuit, told Maule he would make those long-winded fellows shorter or he would know the reason why. "Quite right," said Maule; "but by the time you get back you will have learned the reason why." Perhaps the funniest thing in the book is the tale of a countryman who fell asleep in the jury-box while one of the long-winded ones named Crowder was orating; and, on being rebuked by the judge, said:

"My lord, I can teak a dose o' Crowder as well as any man, but I must teak it yearly in

mornin', when I am fresh and fit for any queer business that may toun up."

Another charming comment by the jurymen on the judicial flow of eloquence is recorded of Serjeant Adams, who, after a lengthy summing-up in a nuisance case, hoped the jury understood the points, to which the foreman answered:

"Oh yes, my lord, we are all a reed that we never knew before what a nuisance was until we heard your lordship's summing-up."

We are afraid Serjeant Robinson has not wholly escaped the long windedness of the profession. We should advise no man or woman to read beyond p. 177, where the Serjeant's recollections come to an end and his reflections begin. Otherwise, he or she will find him or herself involved in the Serjeant's views on such questions as "What is truth?" or, "What is the arithmetical proportion between the late Sir W. Follett's intellect and that of ordinary clever men?" (say of a serjeant). "What is the relation borne by the morals of Adam and Eve to those of to-day"; with enunciations of such startlingly novel political doctrines as that

"the various parts of the constitution are so closely connected and so mutually dependent upon one another that in seeking to cure one evil we may be unconsciously introducing many more serious ones."

ARTHUR F. LEACH.

NEW NOVELS.

An Isle of Surrey. By Richard Dowling. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Prince Roderick. By J. Brinsley-Richards. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Ede. In 3 vols. (Remington.)

Heatcoats. By Ella MacMahon. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Knights of the Lion. With a Preface by the Marquis of Lorne. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Last Coup. By Hawley Smart. (White.)

A Midnight Pastime. By J. H. Brighthouse. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Red Ruin. By A. N. Homer. (Ward & Downey.)

It is a genuine pleasure to meet with Mr. Dowling at his best. Owing to some defect or other in choice of subject or treatment, his recent stories have not fulfilled the promise originally held out; but the author has fully recovered himself in *An Isle of Surrey*. This is in many respects, and chiefly from the literary point of view, the best work Mr. Dowling has yet written; and it is one of which no living author would need to feel ashamed. Mr. Dowling is not pre-eminently a reflective or didactic writer—philosophy is not his forte—but he is observant, and quite at home in the study of human nature. He has never hitherto drawn so fine a character as Francis Bramwell. It is shown in these volumes how the deepest wrongs may, through the elevating and refining influence of a little child, change a dark and gloomy soul into one truly noble, and alive with the highest aspirations. Bramwell's reception of his erring and repentant wife recalls the pathetic scene in Tennyson's "Guinevere"; and, indeed, the betrayal has some kindred features with

that of the great hero of romance. As one of the characters in Mr. Dowling's narrative exclaimed, there was enough Christianity in Bramwell to make a whole bench of bishops.

"I always knew he was a hero, but I was not prepared to find the spirit of a martyr as well. And yet I ought to have been prepared for anything noble and disinterested in him. He does what he believes to be right, without any view to reward here or hereafter."

At the opposite end of the poles, morally, is William Crawford, who wrought havoc with several lives. "His notions of right and wrong were clear and simple: what he liked was right, what he did not like was wrong." After a life of unutterable meanness and selfishness, Crawford dies a miserable death. Many of these villains expire calmly in their beds in real life; but we are glad that in this instance poetic justice has been done. There are two or three female characters excellently touched in, but they are not so strong as the men. The scene of the novel is chiefly laid at Welford Bridge, on the South London Canal. All the surroundings are humble. Mr. Dowling has recognised that the human tragedy may be as deep and powerful here as in camps and courts; and to our mind he has surmounted the difficulties which naturally environ the subject. We congratulate him upon his success, and trust he will not go back from it.

There is decided cleverness, with a spice of cynicism, in Mr. Brinsley-Richards's *Prince Roderick*; but, as a whole, the story is unsatisfactory. The women folk take on a new passion and throw off an old one as easily as they effect a change of dress; and if the sex were as fickle as here represented, they would warrant all the old poet's charges of inconstancy. The Princess Dorothea, sister of the hero, makes love to Captain Meredith, her brother's private secretary; and when she has completely enthralled him, coolly tells him that she is about to marry the Grand Duke Rothbart for reasons of state, but that that will make no difference to the mutual affection between herself and the handsome Englishman. Prince Roderick, of Kronheim, nephew and heir presumptive to King Franz, is somewhat original, though his actions now and then savour of insanity. He falls into disgrace with the sovereign owing to his numerous love affairs, and he does not mend matters by threatening to publish a book advocating Socialism and other doctrines inimical to the powers that be. Finally, he goes upon his travels, and while in England succumbs for a second time to the charms of Isabel, daughter of Lord Springfield, and marries her. They return to the continent together, and intrigues are set on foot to raise Prince Roderick to the Bulgarian throne. In many respects the novel follows the course of recent history. For example, the circumstances attending the melancholy death of the late King of Bavaria, his struggles with the doctor, and their drowning together in the lake are exactly reproduced in relation to the crazy Prince Wolfgang. The story closes with a description of the tragic death of the Princess Roderick, during a struggle between her husband and Meredith, and a band of brigands. Meredith himself is a weak sort of creature, though he passes through a number

of exciting adventures. The greatest mistake made by Mr. Brinsley-Richards in this novel is in introducing the political element. Anxious, like Dr. Johnson, to let the "Whig dogs" have the worst of it, he will offend fully one-half of his readers. For example, Captain Meredith inherited a small Irish property, but not being able to get any rents, he adds:

"I had been told that if I freely renounced my rents and set up as a penitent landlord, I might be elected to the House of Commons in the beggar-my-neighbour interest, and be salaried out of a fund raised by Irish kitchen-maids in America."

This, of course, might be all very well in a political pamphlet, and would be just about as smart and veracious as much that is found in political brochures; but it is out of place in a novel. Mr. Gladstone, and a well-known Radical politician who figures in these pages as Mr. Lemesurier, are attacked with great bitterness. When next Mr. Brinsley-Richards writes a novel, he should remember that fiction is intended for all classes of readers, and should rigidly eschew a partisan attitude in politics.

The writer of *Eds*, though not possessing talent of a high order, has struck out a new line. She shows us a rich Midland banker, so devoted to the pursuit of wealth, and so neglectful of his only child, that he fails to perceive he is gradually breaking her heart, through the enforced loneliness of her life. He is destined to a rude awakening. Finding the burden of existence insupportable, Edith Verney one morning leaves her home to fight her own way in the world. She takes a humble position as a designer in a pottery factory, and the reader must follow for himself the vicissitudes of her career. She is thrown into the society of rough but good-hearted people, whom she captivates by her beauty and charming manners. The sketch of Griff, her stalwart rustic lover, is the best thing in the book; and we feel that so noble and manly a fellow deserved something better than to lose the woman whom he had loved in her adversity. To overcome his grief he emigrates, accompanied by his sister and father, both persons of strong individuality. The latter rejoices that the Americans "are gettin' quite civilised now, an' have horse racin' an' sportin' in a sort o' way; that allays shows civilisation." Edith is found by her father in the end, and he discovers that the love of his child is better than the worship of Mammon. A subsidiary plot relating to a poor fellow who utterly ruins himself by his passion for law has something of the pathetic in it. Altogether, this novel, while not revealing the practised hand, may be read with genuine interest and satisfaction.

Judging from *Heathcote*, we fear that we cannot encourage Miss (or Mrs.) MacMahon in the idea that she will become a novelist. Her present story is very thin, and has no grip in it. It manifests no special power of delineating character, no descriptive talent, and no evidence of original thought. It is, in fact, not a whit better than any lady of intelligence could produce, if she sat down to make the attempt; and with such a superfluity of mediocre writers in existence already, the world demands something more than this

from a new aspirant. The story is pleasant and readable enough. Heathcote Grant, the hero, is calculated at some points to beget sympathy; but this is the utmost that can be honestly said for it. Let the author turn to some of the admirable stories produced by her own sex, and she will feel that publication is a mistake unless she has something more to say than she has said in *Heathcote*.

"BATTLE, murder, and sudden death" are some of the staple elements of *The Knights of the Lion*, which is a romance of the thirteenth century. In his introduction, the Marquis of Lorne states that the story has been rescued from the obscurity of a lofty shelf in an old library. It is, undoubtedly, powerful, and throws a vivid light upon the period with which it deals. The rivalries of nobles, the class hatreds, the contentions of cities, and the internal feuds of petty states, are all illustrated in a dramatic manner; but there is so much bloodshed that it begins to pall upon the reader. It is all very well to polish off a few characters now and then, but this mediæval slaughter is appalling, and it is accompanied by all the concomitants of warfare in the middle ages—cruelty, rapine, and lust. From 1208 to 1250, which was a stirring period in European history, forms the basis of this story. Those who like a work full of excitement, action, and intrigue, will go a long way before they find the equal of *The Knights of the Lion*.

Of the horse horsey is the *Last Coup*, and those who know Capt. Hawley Smart's writings will not need to be told that the interest is kept thoroughly alive. Jim Luttrell's love affairs, together with the great stake which depended on the Lincolnshire Handicap in a certain year, are treated with the author's well-known skill; and it is written in the Book of Tattersall's Chronicles that the race in question was a peculiarly stirring one.

A Midnight Pastime is extraordinary and bewildering; perhaps it is natural to midnight pastimes always to be so. It is a weird account of a spectre, and of an estate in which a well was the most conspicuous feature; but as we read, which we did religiously to the end, we felt that the author would have done better to "let well alone."

Red Ruin is a tale of West African river life, and Mr. Homer graphically shows the dangers to which whites are exposed in these regions. There is plenty of excitement in his sketch, and the fortunes of Joyce Melville, an altogether charming English girl, will be followed with much interest.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

Flowers of the Night. By Emily Pfeiffer. (Trübner.) It would be doing Mrs. Pfeiffer grave injustice to regard this volume as in any respect representative of her poetic faculty. Insomnia is not a hopeful source of inspiration; and the various pieces in these pages "have all taken shape in sleepless hours of the night, of which they have relieved the suffering." At the same time, though one cannot but notice the lack of that spontaneity and freshness which have hitherto characterised Mrs. Pfeiffer's writings, there occur numerous passages which bear the impress of a spiritual experience, and a technical perfection, which belong solely to

genius. The title of the book prepares the reader for a certain unity of sentiment and theme; and, notwithstanding the prefatory warning of the author, it is a little disconcerting to find among "Flowers of the Night" such miscellaneous subjects as "The Witch's Last Ride," "The Highland Widow's Lament," and "A Rhyme for the Time," based on the debate on Mr. Bryce's Infants Bill of 1884. Two or three of the minor lyrics, such as "The Sonny Milkmaid" and "A Remonstrance," are written in the curious pseudo-Doric which half amuses and half puzzles the reader beneath the Tweed. The volume closes with a small selection of verses from Heine, including the familiar "Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar" and the marvellous passion-flower dream; and these versions, careful and studied as they are, once more serve to illustrate how almost hopeless it is to expect a completely satisfactory translation of an original so simple and subtle. In the first stanza the line

"Zu schau'n die Prozession?"

is rendered by the terrible sibilation,

"To see the procession?" she said."

In the third stanza, Mrs. Pfeiffer has, without any evident reason, rendered

"Nimm Buch und Rosenkranz"

by the verse

"Take book and bead, and go";

while, further on, the lines

"Die Mutter Gottes zu Kevlaar
Trägt heut' ihr bestes Kleid,"

lose all their rustic fervour in the grotesque phrasing

"The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Is wearing her best silk gown."

These are, however, very minute details. Of the book as a whole, Mrs. Pfeiffer writes one of her characteristically graceful and melodious sonnets by way of "Envoy":

"When the last laden bee has homeward flown,
And daisies close their curtains on the night,
When only hearts that wake for love's delight
And eyes that seek to shed their tears unknown
Are sleepless—then are strange, wan blossoms
blown,
Children of darkness, so not richly dight
Though sweet perchance to other sense than
sight
As they distil their secrets all alone.
And such methought were these sad-coloured
rhymes;

They seemed some potent perfume to exhale
While cheating night with their melodious chimes;
And so at dawn I gathered them, to pale
Yet more by day, and with the altered times
In fragrance as all else perchance to fail."

The Afternoon Landscape. Poems and Translations. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Longmans.) Col. Higginson's place among American worthies is a rather remarkable one. Once upon a time he was a clergyman; but, when the Secession War broke out, he exchanged the service of the Prince of Peace for that of the imperilled Republic, and his military title clings to him still. He has, since then, become known and admired in the world of letters. As a prose writer he has shown much ability. His style is incisive, ideas are plentiful, and he has the gift of making whatever subject he touches interesting. In the present volume he gives specimens of his work as a poet. They are neither remarkably good nor remarkably bad. Perhaps the best things in the book are one or two pieces signed with initials other than Col. Higginson's. On the whole, the verses are pleasing; and at any rate they will be acceptable to many readers on both sides of the ocean who have pleasant memories of the *Atlantic Essays* and *Commonsense about Women*.

Marpessa. A Masque. With Eight Odes. By Arthur Platt. (Cambridge: Deighton,

Bell & Co.) "Marpessa," which may be defined as a three-act imitation of a Greek play, is a highly promising poem, but promising more, perhaps, in the way of prettiness than of strength. The cadence and turn of thought is sometimes Swinburnian, but more often Tennysonian. The debt of the matter to Greek originals is sometimes too patent, e.g., p. 14:

"Never at height of his fortune seeming fair,
Man may abide without fear of future care;
Never secure
Build up the house of peace unailing,
But in serenest weather sailing
Strikes on the reef and founders far from shore."

If this were original, it would be thought fine; as it is, it only strikes one as a rather annoyingly loose rendering of Aeschylus. But there is real beauty in the description (p. 10) of the sorrow of the drowned mariner's widow—

"And all the sea becomes a mist of tears,
And all the wave breaks like the happy years,
Which were to be and which are lost for ever,
Swept by inexorable fate away,
Broken like waves in unavailing spray,
A mist of tears, a dream sad days do shiver,
A wailing infinite of flying shades.
And down the valley sweeps the warm south-
west,
Bringing the bird's cry from the sunny glades,
The low of kine, the song of happier maids,
Until the baby strained against her breast
Stir her from agony of dumb despair
And bring back life its innocent life to share."

The three divisions of the poem—Morning, Noon, Evening—might be called the Love, the Wrath, and the Forgiveness, of Apollo, by whom Marpessa, the love of Idas, is first wooed, then rapt away, and finally restored to her lover unharmed. We do not quite like the part the Muses play in act ii. We cannot with pleasure regard them as go-betweens for an amour of Apollo. But the speech of Apollo on p. 17 opens well:

"Now sitting lone upon the flowery spray,
The nightingale insatiable of spring
Leads prisoner the enamoured heart of May,
And all the field with crocus-bloom aflame
Shines like the face of heaven."

But it has not the true brevity of the Greeks, who suggest such a scene with half the verbiage; witness Aristophanes' nightingale—

ὦ Ζεὺ βασιλεῦ, τοῦ φθέγματος τοῦρνθίου
οἶον κατεμείλῳσσε τὴν λόχυν ὄλην.

We do not approve (p. 31) "mourns" as a rhyme to "morns"; nor (p. 35) "empyreaan pride"; nor the final verses of the maidens' chant (p. 36): it suggests Tate and Brady.

"We had not thought that we could be
To lose our sister glad."

But all "Marpessa" will be read with pleasure. The odes that complete the volume are of less value. The best, we think, are those called "To May," and "To-Night." The one entitled "To England" (p. 54-5) is a good brisk Chauvinistic libel, but "que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère"? It is an absurdly false note in this book. Most readers of p. 57 will ask wonderingly what is a "ringed atoll." On p. 48, we think the "garish world" is a piece of hackneyed petty larceny, which so promising a versifier as Mr. Platt should avoid.

Erotidia. By Charles Sayle. (Rugby: G. E. Over.) There is one lyric in Mr. Sayle's volume which is worth everything else therein, and for which alone it were "a thing to buy"—supposing back numbers of *The English Illustrated* unattainable. It is this of "Amaryllis":

"Sleep there beneath the lilies,
Rest there beneath the grass,
Nor know what good nor ill is
Whatever come to pass;—
O lovely Amaryllis
That wast so fair, alas!

Now nothing more thou fearest
Beneath the silent sod.
No burden now thou bearest
As when thy feet here trod;—
Would I were with thee, dearest,
With thee, and thou with God."

The rhyme of "bearest" standing out undissolved is the one flaw in a poem coming as near to Mr. Pater's ideal of a lyric as we hope for in these days. It is as the sobbing of rain among roses clustering on a tomb. Each line falls like a tear upon the grave of the sweet dead maid. One is inevitably reminded of two other "Requiescants"—Matthew Arnold's and Mr. Oscar Wilde's—not to suggest reminiscence, but to ask is not this, in right of its classical simplicity of form, and a music which hardly more needs us to take in the meaning of the words than the sound of tender weeping asks interpretation, is not this a third? To borrow the formula of the timid critic who, having screwed his courage to some giddy height of commendation, drops, in fright at his very temerity, sheer into a covert of explanatory apologies—"This is high praise." Yes, of "Amaryllis"; but not of *Erotidia*, wherein is much to disappoint, many young things, one might say, that Mr. Sayle had done better to keep in the nursery. We should have lost little had it been nearer in bulk to the slim-waisted *Bertha* of happy memory. There are many pages of passable rhyme, with here and there a quaintness, a fragrance, and here and there a thought; but these latter are too much like the "reasons" in Gratiano's conversation—saving, of course, "when you have found them." The hackneyed is not so rare as one would have expected in the work of one whose wide culture is so pleasantly witnessed all through his book by dainty mottoes of quotation—which indeed made, it may be remembered, not the least of *Bertha*'s charms. Mr. Sayle can yet ask to be bound within "thy spirit's mesh," and he is not above unhallowed sacrifices to rhyme; moreover, the very Calibans of misbegotten phrase squat within his verses—"undiscording," "unworth," "unhonour," "love-litten"—while "sacring" is "not in use," nor under any circumstances to be used. But in spite of these remarks there is much in *Erotidia* to delight—more fine lines than fine poems perhaps, but some of those too. This is hardly "fine," but it is quaint, and worth quoting:

"In Moscow when a corpse they bury
And round in a group the mourners stand,
Instead of an obol for Charon's ferry
They place a script in the dead man's hand:

"To Holy Nicholas, Saint of God—
Here is a man who loved you well
When on the earth with us he trod.
Save him now from the Gates of Hell."

"If, when I die, I have still bewailers,
While over me swings the cresset-glass,
Open this book where these letters stand
And write again in a bold, round hand:—
'He loved boys and thieves and sailors,
Servant of Thine, St. Nicholas!'"

Mr. Sayle is generally at his best in simple lyrical measures, but he is deft in his rondeaux and triolets. There is a charming triad of the latter, though "Nothing so Sweet" among the former as *Bertha*'s of that name and the "Trysting Tree." His sonnets are tantalising. They are generally fit in motive, correct in form, and there are nearly always good lines in them; but they strike us as stiff in movement and lacking in sonnet-music, while the so-called difficulties of the form protrude through the surface too often. This to Milton, which closes the volume, is, we think, the most satisfactory:

"Milton, our English Dante, let me take
Example of thy life in after days:
If I too much these early childish lays
Have, silent, cherished, here I now forsake

Such vain delights. Hereafter storms shall shake
 Fiercest about me, but not turn my ways
 Contented where I follow toil and praise
 That all good men their truest service make.
 And if, in time to come, I yet may see
 Some mightier vision, worthier of the pen,
 Then let me come and learn my art of thee,
 And tell what Life has taught, its joy, its
 scorn,
 Neither in measure spent nor shapes outworn,
 And breathe within Love's lips new words
 again."

Therefore, we suppose, Mr. Sayle's "new volume" is already imminent. A young poet is never so prolific as during the week following his "Farewell to the Muse."

Dante: a Dramatic Poem. By Héloïse Durant. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) Miss Durant has attempted an ambitious task. She has endeavoured to turn the story of Dante's life into a dramatic poem, divided into regular acts and scenes. Now, without being champions of the much-abused unities, we must raise our voice against this wresting of the drama to a purpose for which it is obviously unsuited. Miss Durant's work is a series of episodes which do not hang very well together. Her verse is also garnished with translations from passages in the various works of the great poet which are at times brought in with apparent effort and little relevancy. She has, moreover, somewhat sinned against the light, as Rossetti in his "Dante at Verona" has shown how effectively the incidents of the same career can be treated. Turning to her style, we must regret that Miss Durant's blank verse, which in some respects is up to an average level, is spoiled by a persistent and irritating elimination of the definite article. Such an ellipse—to assist the verse—may be permitted now and again. But, in the limit of a few pages, to come across "Till sun was but a red blot," "Like lily broken," "In sky's soft bosom," is nothing short of exasperating. A little further on elimination and inversion together have resulted in so strange a line as

"Most wisely ordered Pope the Jubilee."

We are convinced that Miss Durant, who is an ardent admirer of her author and evidently knows him well, did not intend to traduce his memory. But, to put such turgid language into Dante's mouth as

"Nor hear

The sullen thunder roar from my heart's peak,"

is an offence not easily forgiven. Nor is Dante's retort in a conjugal quarrel with Gemma conspicuous for dignity when that unfortunate lady asks "Dost deem me deaf and dumb?" and is answered "O that thou wert!"

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Mr. Browning has a new volume of poems in his desk. We hope it will be issued as the seventeenth of the new "complete" edition of his Poetical Works, of which only sixteen volumes were at first announced.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish next week *The Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald*, the translator of Omar Khayyam, and friend of Tennyson and Carlyle. The book will be in three volumes, and has been edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright.

MR. W. G. BOSWELL-STONE's edition of the "Shakspeare Holinshed" has gone to press. The New Shakspeare Society and Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish it together. It will probably be in two parts or volumes of 400 pages each, and will be issued in large paper as well as small.

MR. F. S. ELLIS has made such progress with his Shelley Concordance—having finished lately

the troublesome word "one" in it—that he hopes to get it to press next year, and have it out in 1892 for the Shelley centenary, the poet having been born on Saturday, August 4, 1792.

DR. R. VON FLEISCHHACKER has undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society the unique Ashmole MS. of the translation of Lanfranc's "Cyrurgerie," of the end of the fourteenth century.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, of New York and London, will publish shortly *The Winning of the West and South-West, from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, 1769-1783*, by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. It will be in two volumes, and will give a detailed account of the fighting that took place during this period between the backwoodsmen and the French and Indians in what is now the State of Kentucky.

THE next volume in the "Statesmen" series will be *The Prince Consort*, written by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS announce *Witch, Worlock, and Magician: a Popular History of Magic and Witchcraft in England and Scotland*, by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY announces the following books, in the class of literature of which he has made a speciality: *The Indian Religions*; or, *Results of the Mysterious Buddhism*; concerning that also which is to be understood in the Divinity of Fire, by Mr. Hargrave Jennings; *A Buddhist Catechism*; or, *Outline of the Doctrine of the Buddha Gotama* in the form of question and answer, compiled from the Sacred Writings of the Southern Buddhists for the use of Europeans, with Explanatory Notes, by Subadra Bhikshu; and *The Hidden Way across the Threshold*; or, the Mystery that hath been hidden for Ages and from Generations. An Explanation of the Concealed Forces in every Man to open the Temple of the Soul, and to learn the Guidance of the Unseen Hand, illustrated and made plain, with as few occult phrases as possible, by Mr. J. C. Street.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY also has in preparation an edition of Dr. John Anster's translation of *Faust*, printed in folio, with illustrations by Mr. Frank M. Gregory.

MR. SWINBURNE's new volume of *Poems and Ballads* is already in its second edition.

A THIRD edition of *By Leafy Ways*, by Mr. F. A. Knight, is announced as just ready by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE Library Association has decided to hold its twelfth annual meeting in London during the second week in September; and the masters of the bench of Gray's Inn have kindly placed their hall, for the third time, at its disposal. With a view to making arrangements for the reception of provincial members, and returning the hospitality which the association has always received elsewhere, a meeting will be held in the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, on Monday next, July 1, at 5 p.m. Subscriptions for this purpose may be sent to the hon. treasurer, H. R. Tedder, librarian, Athenaeum Club, Pall Mall.

THE sale of the library of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips—or of so much, at least, as was not made the subject of special bequests—is fixed to take place at Messrs. Sotheby's during the first four days of next week. Mention has already been made in the ACADEMY of the unrivalled series of Shaksperiana, both printed and in MS., that it contains. There are also included other bibliographical rarities—such as the first edition of *Lycidas* (1638); Milton's copy of *Polyolbion*, with his autograph and marginalia; the first edition of Mrs.

Glasse's *Art of Cookery*; Goldsmith's earliest work, *Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Gallies*; and the entire remainders of Halliwell-Phillips's own privately printed publications.

ON Friday and Saturday the same auctioneers will sell the library of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, which seems to have been chiefly acquired during the early years of the present century. A special interest, however, attaches to a collection of Civil War Tracts, whose latest home, at least, has been at Great Hampden.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE greatly pleased the Shelley Society and his audience of three hundred by the lecture he gave them on Wednesday night, "Some Remarks on the Lyric Poetry of Shelley." He praised the society's quiet and useful work, he forgave the small jokers who had exercised their small wits on it, he referred generously to the misconceptions of Matthew Arnold, and then he turned to some of the specialities of Shelley's lyric poetry: (1) the unconscious logic in the arrangement of some of his poems, illustrated by the "Ode to the West Wind"; (2) his nature myths, as independent of man as if they had been written by a primitive heathen—nature before man's existence was often Shelley's theme, and he alone of poets had created nature-myths in the subjective nineteenth century; (3) his lyrics of humanity, of love, liberty, and hope, and confidence in the future; and (4) the music of his lyrical changes, the metre swaying with the varying pulses of emotion.

AT the seventy-ninth annual meeting of the Swedenborg Society it was stated that 3294 volumes of the society's publications have been issued during the past year, showing an increase over the previous one. Copies in the Welsh, Latin, French, and Russian languages are included in this total. Free public libraries and other institutions have received upwards of 500 volumes, and ministers and theological students 364 volumes.

DR. S. KUNZ has printed his Doctorate-Dissertation on the relation of the MSS. of Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women." He arranges them in two classes (Y and Z) as Prof. Skeat does; but he names the older and better of the two sets Z, as if it were inferior to Y, whereas it is superior, as he allows.

THE masonic lodge called Quatuor Coronati—which is largely composed of men of letters and artists, and which has, besides, a correspondence circle of masons in all parts of the world—has just issued a volume of Masonic Reprints of interest to the general. Here are given coloured facsimiles of portions of three Old English MSS. in the British Museum, throwing light on the early history of masonry. The most important of these is the poem entitled "Constitutiones artis gemetrie secundum Euclidem," contained in MS. Bib. Reg. 17 A, which has already been published by the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips (1840). This dates from about 1390, and claims to be the oldest document in any language relating to freemasonry. A learned commentary is appended, written by Mr. R. F. Gould; and Mr. W. P. Speth, the secretary of the lodge, has himself added maps and an appendix. The volume further contains reprints of some rare pieces relating to English masonry and rival societies, published in the early part of the eighteenth century. The Quatuor Coronati Lodge—some of our readers may be interested to know—has previously published a volume of *Transactions*, from its foundation in 1884 to 1887, containing elaborate papers on "The Threefold Division of Temples," by Sir Charles Warren and Mr. W. Simpson, and on "An Early Version of the Hiram Legend," by Prof. T. Hayter Lewis.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"Mr. Dunlop, in his *Life of Grattan* (reviewed in the ACADEMY of June 15), calls attention to the fact that "the investigations of the Historical Commissioners have revealed the existence of a number of MSS. volumes of Irish Parliamentary debates, ranging from 1776 to 1789." Mr. McCullagh Torrens possesses the MSS. in question, which consist of thirty-four volumes. The notes are believed to have been confidentially made by a shorthand writer under the direction of the government. The collection was preserved till 1817 at the Stamp Office, King William-street, Dublin, when it was sold for waste paper on the consolidation of the Irish and English Exchequers. In 1842 these MSS. volumes were advertised by Messrs. Grant & Bolton, of Dublin, and purchased by Mr. Torrens (Hist. MSS. Com., Appendix to Second Report, p. 99). Mr. Torrens is now engaged on a "Political History of England," in which these interesting MSS., for which historical students are indebted to his forethought, will doubtless be used.

"Another MS. volume of debates in the Irish Parliament has been brought to light by the investigations of the Historical Commission. This volume is written by Chief Baron Willes, and the notes commence in 1757, when the Chief Baron arrived in Ireland. It contains an account of the debate on the Pension List, which occurred during the Duke of Bedford's government, and of the agitation for the repeal or modification of Poyning's Act, by which it was followed, and other interesting matter (Hist. MSS. Com., Appendix to Third Report, p. 435)."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

IN the July number of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Walter Besant writes the story, based upon original documents, of the first Society of British Authors, which died stillborn in 1843, though Campbell took the chair at the first meeting and Dickens at the second. There are also articles on "The Primitive Home of the Aryans," by Prof. Sayce; on "The Future of English Theology," by Prof. Sanday; on "Bosnia and its Land Tenure," by Miss Paulina Irby; and a criticism of Thomas Hardy, as "the historian of Wessex," by Mr. J. M. Barrie.

IN the forthcoming number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* will be printed extracts from letters written by D. G. Rossetti to Mr. Frederic Shields, chiefly between the years 1868 and 1871, and referring to his poetry as well as to his painting. Among the illustrations will be a photograph of a drawing of a head by Mr. E. Burne-Jones, and facsimiles of two woodcuts from the *Hyperbomachia* (Venice, 1499).

"GIORDANO BRUNO AND NEW ITALY" is the title of an essay, by Karl Blind, which will appear in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The speculative ideas and the reforming tendencies of the martyred poet-philosopher are described from his Italian and Latin works, together with the latest researches on Bruno's life. The article also discusses the question pending between the Papacy and the Italian nation and government.

THE forthcoming number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* will contain the following articles: "The Study of the Talmud in the Thirteenth Century," by J. H. Weiss; "The Future Life—Rabbinical Literature," by Prof. Castelli; "The National Idea in Judaism," by Lady Magnus; "The Age and Authorship of Ecclesiastes," by Dr. Friedländer; "English Judaism," by Mr. Israel Zangwill; and the conclusion of Dr. Neubauer's article on "The Ten Tribes."

THE July number of the *Archæological Review* (which will be a double number and conclude vol. iii.) will contain two important memoirs—by Mr. O. E. Pell, on "The Identity of Ancient and Modern Weights," and by Mr. Robert Brown, jun., on "The Etruscan Numerals."

Mr. Cecil Smith will report on "Recent Research in Greek Archaeology," and Mr. Gomm conclude his paper on "Totemism in Britain."

THE socialist monthly magazine, *To-Day*, changes its title with the July number, and will henceforth be known as the *International Review*. It will be edited by Mr. H. M. Hyndman. Among those who have already promised to contribute are E. Belfort Bax, Annie Besant, Hubert Bland, Herbert Burrows, Edward Carpenter, Walter Crane, Stewart Headlam, J. L. Joynes, Prince Kropotkin, H. S. Salt, and H. Halliday Sparling.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

IN accordance with general expectation, Dr. W. Robertson Smith has been elected to Sir Thomas Adams's professorship of Arabic at Cambridge, in succession to the late Dr. Wright.

WE understand that Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, fellow of Trinity, and the editor of the *Collected Papers of Henry Bradshaw* (which the Cambridge Press announces for immediate publication), will offer himself as a candidate for the office of University Librarian, which is thus rendered vacant.

THE name of Mr. H. F. Pelham, of Exeter—at present reader in ancient history at Oxford—is mentioned as the probable successor of Canon Rawlinson in the Camden professorship of ancient history.

CONSIDERING the small value of the professorships at Trinity College, Dublin, it is not surprising to learn that both Prof. Dowden and Prof. Tyrrell are candidates for the vacancies at Glasgow. As regards the succession to Prof. Jebb, it is thought that youth will probably be considered a recommendation; and among the names of young men mentioned we have heard those of Mr. Mackail, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Murray.

THE University of Oxford will be represented by Prof. Sayce, and the University of Cambridge by Prof. Bensley, at the forthcoming international congress of Orientalists. Prof. Max Müller will also be present as the guest of the King of Sweden and Norway.

THE Hopkins prize for the period 1877-1880 has been awarded by the Cambridge Philological Society to Prof. George Darwin.

IT is announced that the departmental committee appointed by the Treasury to inquire as to the best plan upon which to allocate the Government grant of £15,000 in aid of university colleges has reported in favour of the following: to University College and King's College, London; the colleges of Victoria University; the University Colleges of Bristol and Nottingham; Masons College, Birmingham; the Dublin College of Science; the Newcastle-upon-Tyne College; and the Firth College, Sheffield.

WE have received a letter, signed by the rector and senate of the Royal University of Griefswald, protesting, with reference to a recent scandal, that neither in that nor in any other Prussian university can a doctor's degree be obtained by anyone except after passing an examination, and after the approval by the faculty of a written dissertation.

WE have to acknowledge the first number of *Haverford College Studies*, published by the Faculty of Haverford College, Philadelphia—which is, we understand, connected with the Society of Friends. The longest papers deal with astronomy, recording the work done at the observatory, under the direction of Mr. F. P. Leavenworth, chiefly in micrometrical

measurements of double stars. There is also a learned paper, by Mr. F. B. Gummere, on "The Symbolic Use of the Colours Black and White in Germanic Tradition." But that which gives to this number its special value is the first article, in which Mr. J. Rendel Harris contributes a preliminary account of his investigations in the library of the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. If he does not report any extraordinary finds, it must be remembered that he is gleaning after the late H. O. Coxe, to whom he pays a deserved tribute for the catholicity of his palæographical interests. We are glad to hear that a complete catalogue of the MSS. in this library has been prepared, and will soon be printed.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

NUNC FORMOSISSIMUS ANNUS.

BORN darkling 'mid rough gales and drifted snow,
And not ungently tended by warm noon,
Eve's muffled arms, the young year thrusts
 eftsoon
Its head to length'ning days. And yet full slow
The swelling buds through rain and zephyrs grow;
One day comes biting frost; then nature boon
To all her nurselings sends a kindly moon,
And beautiful Time's child stands ere we know.
Spring glides to balmy summer, and the song
Of thrush and blackcap dies like cherished
 dreams;
The river's murmur falls; light fancies throng
The wand'rer where heaven's sapphire glads the
 streams;
Then blossoms, while admiring suns draw near
June's perfect rose that crowns the splendid year.

M. G. WATKINS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE first article in the *Antiquary* for June is on "The Orientation of Churches," by Mr. C. A. Ward, who has gathered together much fragmentary information ranging from the earliest days of Christianity to the times of the modern Jesuits. His collection will be most useful to future enquirers, but we do not think he has added any new knowledge to an obscure subject. The habit of turning to the East in prayer is much older than Christianity, and is spread over nearly the whole earth. Except in large towns, where building ground was difficult to obtain, there are hardly any churches older than the fifteenth century which have not their principal altar at the eastern end. In the few instances where this rule has been violated, the error may almost always be accounted for by some natural feature of the ground. Mr. Philip Norman concludes his interesting series of papers on "London Sculptured House Signs." England never seems to have been as rich in this mode of decoration as certain foreign countries. Holland and Belgium are a perfect museum for collectors of ornaments of this kind. Few of them possess much artistic merit, but almost all have a quaintness about them which delights the soul of the antiquary. The few we have in England remain for the most part unnoted. Those of Holland have been elaborately described and illustrated by MM. Van Lennep, Ter Gouw, and Zircher. Mr. John Tomlinson's paper on "The Church of St. Mary Magdalen, Doncaster," is a useful contribution to local history. This church was secularised at the Reformation; and our forefathers who thought on the matter at all believed that it had been pulled down in the seventeenth century and a town hall built on its site. About fifty years ago it became necessary to remove the town hall, and it was then found that the old walls had been used for the new secular structure. The windows had been built up, and new doors opened in convenient

places. When this discovery took place efforts were made to preserve the old building, but they were fruitless. Correct drawings were taken, and then every relic of the old building was carted away. It was a late Norman structure with many claims to artistic beauty. Some correspondent, who does not give his name, has reprinted from Watkin's *Treatise on Copyholds* the customs of the Forest Court of Weardale, in the Bishopric of Durham. We are grateful for this. It is much to be wished that all the old manorial and forest customs should be printed or reprinted where they can be easy of access. Mr. W. Sydney contributes a short sketch of anchorites and their dwellings, but the subject requires much fuller treatment than Mr. Sydney has given to it.

THERE are to be found in the June *Livre* a paper, not without interest, on one of the forgotten sonneteers and rondeau-writers of the sixteenth century, the Bishop of Rieux, with an attempt to identify the author; and also a continuation of M. Drujon's catalogue of books which have, for this or that reason, been destroyed by their authors. Both are noteworthy; but the article of the month is undoubtedly the editor's notice of that singular man of letters, M. Barbey d'Aureville—who died the other day—accompanied by an excellent portrait. Little was known in England, except by those persons who have specially devoted themselves to French literature, of the author of *L'Enfermée*; and it is to be feared that in future too many even of such persons will go for their knowledge of him to a very clever, but by no means judicial, essay by M. Jules Lemaitre, which has just been republished. The fault of Barbey d'Aureville was that he would not consent to have only as much talent as he actually had; but there are infirmities to which noble minds are less prone than this.

THE *Boletins* of the Real Academia de la Historia for May and June are of interest for prehistoric, classical, and mediæval archaeology. On the first, J. Vilanova tells of recent discoveries near Linares and Seville, confirming the existence of a copper age between the neolithic and the bronze; Rubio de la Serna describes a Keltiberian cemetery near Mataro; Roman remains and inscriptions are reported from Numantia, from Juliobriga near Reinosa, and from Saguntum. Of Gothic Spain, SS. Cardenas and Fita discuss a law of Theudis (546), which shows that the expenses of justice were as great then as at any other period. Mediæval archaeology is illustrated by F. Codera from a Tunisian Arabic MS., narrating a campaign of Gormaz (975) unnoticed by other historians; by an account of the archives of Leon, by Diaz Jimenez; and by several papal bulls of the twelfth century from Pamplona, and of the thirteenth from Toledo, commented on by Father Fita. In more modern times we have the charter of nobility given by Charles V. to Diego of Avila for his unhorsing and capture of Francis I. at Pavia; a detailed description of the standards of the galley of Don John of Austria at Lepanto, still preserved at Toledo; and the sermon preached by the Archbishop of St. Domingo at the translation of the bones of Columbus to Havana in 1795. With reference to the Serapis inscription found at Astorga, and by Prof. Sayce in Egypt, Father Fita remarks that, according to the *Notitia Dignitatum*, the Legio Asturica was quartered in Upper Egypt. He would take 'HA or 'HA of the Egyptian as equivalent to the 'Iaw of the Astorgan inscription, and would read, "One is Jupiter, Serapis, and El; one Hermes and Anubis."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- GOPEVICH, S. Makedonien u. Alt-Serbien. Wien: Seidel. 21 M.
 GOUDARHAU, G. Excursions au Japon. Paris: Picard. 7 fr.
 JAHRE, elf. Balkan. Erinnerungen e. preussischen Officiers aus den J. 1873 bis 1887. Breslau: Kern. 10 M.
 PELLISSIER, G. Le mouvement littéraire au XIX^e Siècle. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
 RHOEN, C. Die karolingische Pfalz zu Aachen. Aachen: Creutzer. 2 M.
 ROHAULT DE FLEURY, Ch. La Messe: études archéologiques sur ses monuments. T. 8. Paris: Motteroz. 85 fr.
 SZENDREK, J. Catalogue descriptif et illustré de la collection de bagues de Madame G. de Tarnoczy. Budapest: Révai. 6 fr.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- BEANDT, A. J. H. W. Die mandäische Religion, ihre Entwicklung u. geschichtliche Bedeutung. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 8 M.
 FRIEDSMANN, O. Das Christentum u. seine Gegner. Leipzig: Richter. 3 M.
 SCHUEER, E. Les grands initiés: esquisses de l'histoire secrète des religions. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- CANSTATT, O. Drangsale der Stadt Worms u. ihre Zerstörung durch die Franzosen am 31. Mai 1669. Worms: Reiss. 4 M.
 CODRUX diplomaticus Saxoniarum regiae. 1. Haupttl. 2. Bd. Urkunden der Markgrafen v. Meissen u. Landgrafen v. Thüringen 1100-1195. Hftg. v. O. Possé. Leipzig: Giesecke. 23 M.
 CUVILLIER-FLEURY, A. Portraits politiques et révolutionnaires. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr.
 ERMISCH, H. Das Freiburger Stadtrecht. Leipzig: Giesecke. 9 M. 60 Pf.
 GREGOROVICUS, F. Geschichte der Stadt Athen im Mittelalter. Von der Zeit Justinian's bis zur türkischen Eroberung. Stuttgart: Cotta. 20 M.
 HESSELBARTH, H. Historisch-kritische Untersuchungen zur dritten Dekade d. Livius. Halle: Waisenhauss. 10 M.
 LÉGERELLE, A. La diplomatie française et la succession d'Espagne. T. I. Le premier traité de partage (1659-1697). Paris: Cotillon. 10 fr.
 ROBDOUT, B. Histoire du clergé pendant la Révolution française. T. I. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
 SCHULIN, F. Lehrbuch der Geschichte d. römischen Rechts. Stuttgart: Enke. 11 M.
 WALLON, H. Les représentants du peuple en mission, et la justice révolutionnaire dans les départements en l'an II (1793-4). T. III. Le Sud-est, l'est et la région de Paris. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
 WISENER, L. Etudes sur les Pays-Bas au XVI^e Siècle. Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- COMMENTATIONES in honorem G. Studemund quinque abhinc lustra summos in philosophia honores adepti conscripserunt discipuli Gryphisvaldenses, Herbolitani, Argentineses, Vratislavienses. Strassburg: Heitz. 10 M.
 FISCHER, K. Geschichte der neuern Philosophie. Neue Gesamtausgabe. 1 Bd. I. u. 2. Thl. Heidelberg: Winter. 22 M.
 FOVEL, A. Der Hypnotismus, seine Bedeutung u. seine Handhabung. Stuttgart: Enke. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 KATZER, F. Geologie v. Böhmen. 1. Abth. Prag: Taussitz. 7 M. 20 Pf.
 MICHEL, M. M. Marius. L'ornementation des reliures modernes. Paris: Michel. 20 fr.
 ROUCHE, Eug. Eléments de statistique graphique. Paris: Baudry. 12 fr. 50 c.
 SIMSON, E. W. Der Begriff der Seele bei Plato. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 4 M. 20 Pf.
 TSCHMÜLLER, G. Neue Grundlegung der Psychologie u. Logik. Hftg. v. J. Olse. Breslau: Koebner. 8 M. 40 Pf.
 THOMAS, P. F. La philosophie de Gassendi. Paris: Alcan. 6 fr.

PHILOLOGY.

- ARMBRUSTER, K. Geschlechtswandel im Französischen. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
 KOERNER, K. Beiträge zur Geschichte d. Geschlechtswechsels der englischen Substantiva. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 WISSER, W. Das Verhältnis der Minneliederhandschriften B u. C zu ihrer gemeinschaftlichen Quelle. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF."

Cambridge: June 24, 1889.

I suppose that no critic who has any practical acquaintance with Chaucer's metre any longer supposes that "The Flower and the Leaf" is his. In fact, the allusion to the "Knights olde of the Garter That in her time dide right worthily" (l. 519) at once lands us in the fifteenth century. But my present object is not

to show what the poem is not, but to show what it is.

The old ideas about it were founded upon a curious misconception. People first assumed that it was Chaucer's, and on that account overrated it; and next, having formed an exaggerated idea of its merit, have claimed it as Chaucer's on that very account. If, however, it be impartially examined, it is no such very great performance, though it is superior to such rubbish as "Chaucer's Dream."

There is no reason for doubting that it was written by a woman, as the author distinctly tells us in lines 462, 467, 500, 547—i.e. four times over; and since she makes the Lady in White address her as "my daughter." Next to this, the most striking point is that the poem is positively devoid of any human interest, as regards revelation of character. It is a specimen of word-painting almost absolutely devoted to glitter, dress, and heraldry. It must have been written by a lady well acquainted with the court—by one, in fact, who would have made a good wife for a herald. It is this showiness, this tinsel, which people have mistaken for genuine description. It is interesting heraldically, but not otherwise. Hence we have the full particulars about surcotes of white velvet, garnished with emeralds, with gems on the purples, colours, trains, sleeves, pearls, diamonds, chaplets, and all the rest of it. It is no new thing for a lady to be able to describe dresses minutely and with an eye to colour. Then, again, at l. 204, we have another description of "array"; white cloaks, more chaplets, trumpets, "tartarium," more pearls, collars, precious stones, white horse-harness, more white cloaks, chaplets, escutcheons, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and diamonds. Then comes a company of heralds and pursuivants, men in golden armour, cloth of gold, ermine, bridles, poitrels, crowns, henchmen bearing helmets, shields, and spears; then more knights, more chaplets, and so forth. Then another company in green, with mantles, surcotes, and chaplets. After which, we are told what the colours mean; and the moral is, that one ought to wear green, because it typifies everlasting endurance. The only other remarkable passage is near the beginning, where we have the description of the scenery, and of the goldfinch and the nightingale.

It is easy to see that the notion of the poem was taken from Chaucer's Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, which is palpably imitated, and where we have mention of the Leaf and the Flower as typical of different kinds of men. Several details are copied from Gower's remarks about the Leaf and Flower near the end of his poem; see *Conf. Amantis*, ed. Pauli, iii. 358, with its description of the garlands, and pearls, and loud melody. The part about the goldfinch and nightingale was suggested by "The Cuckoo and Nightingale," which I am inclined to attribute to Hoccleve. Line 40 has a verbal resemblance to the latter poem, l. 54. I do not remember any other instance of the phrase "of al the yere." Note the *of*. L. 31 is from "the Book of the Duchesse," l. 420; l. 43 from the same, l. 397. L. 50 is from "The Legend of Good Women," 204. L. 100 is from "The Cuckoo and Nightingale," l. 98. L. 121 from "The Legend," l. 177. L. 150 is misprinted; it is a false rime, and the right reading is: "of which I wante The names now"; see "Parl. of Foules," 287.

The treatment of the final -e is due to mere imitation. It is tolerably frequent near the beginning, but becomes less frequent afterwards. It is sometimes required for the metre, and sometimes not. I have tabulated most of the examples, and can prove this. There are numerous non-Chaucerian rimes, e.g., "delyt, whyt-e," 207; "thing, bring-e," 418; "brought-e, y-wrought," 48; &c.; together

with an utter confusion of such endings as -as, -ac-e; -y, y-e; &c. I have tabulated them all; and there are certainly more than twenty examples of rimes such as Chaucer avoids. They cannot be explained away.

I have no space to do more than indicate the high probability that the same author also wrote "The Assembly of Ladies," which was likewise written by "a gentlewoman," who is now addressed as "sister," and discourses frequently of dress, with the moral that one ought to wear blue, the colour of constancy. The "Assembly" is inferior to the other, and less inspired by a study of Chaucer; yet here, again, we have the "strait path," the "herber," quotations from French, gowns, colours, purples, and various descriptive attempts; and a direct allusion to the "Legend of Good Women" in st. 66. I could show how the non-Chaucerian rimes are much the same; there is the same confusion of -as with -ac-e, and of -y with -y-e; the same use of stupid "tags," such as "I you ensure," "by and by," "one and one," "by mesure," and the like. And the poems have two lines almost identical; cf. "F. and L.," 295, 567, with "The Assembly," stanzas 50, 105. I could expand this at great length; but this is perhaps enough to tell students what may be found.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE OLD NORTHUMBRIAN GLOSSES IN MS. PALATINE 68.

Oxford: June 22, 1889.

When sending the Old Northumbrian Glosses to the ACADEMY (May 18) I omitted one gloss which, as I could make nothing of it, I imagined must be Keltic. As, however, Dr. Whitley Stokes did not include it among the Irish glosses printed in the ACADEMY, May 25, I presume that he, for a similar reason, regarded it as English. The result is that this one gloss has remained unpublished, and I therefore give it here.

In fol. 15a, immediately after "Et ranam i. frosce" (cf. ACADEMY, May 18), follow the words:

"Et dedit erugini i. bronlegur."

According to the usage of the scribe the stroke over the *r* may stand for one or more letters, or even syllables. I can suggest no explanation.

With regard to the age of the MS., Mr. Maunde Thompson, who has kindly examined a photograph of fol. 12b, tells me that it may safely be ascribed to the ninth century. And since then, I have heard from Dr. Whitley Stokes that he, too, has, on the evidence of the photograph and the language of the Irish glosses, come to the same conclusion.

A. S. NAPIER.

TWO REFERENCES TO DANTE IN EARLY FRENCH LITERATURE.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: June 10, 1889.

The following two references to the *Divina Commedia* by early French authors may be of interest to students of Dante.

The first occurs in a poem called "Le Livre de Mutation de Fortune" by Christine de Pisan, a Frenchwoman born at Venice in 1363, rather more than forty years after Dante's death. Speaking of Italy and the deadly strife between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, she says:

"Tuit s'entr'ocient à l'estrivo,
L'une part contre l'autre estrive . . .
N'en scevent nule autre achoison
D'eulx entrocire sans raison,
Fors que l'un dit que tout son lin
A tout temps esté Guibelin,

Et lui aussi Guibelin est.
Li autres dit que Gueffes rest
D'ancienneté de lignage . . .

C'est grant dommaige
Qu'entre eux court si mauvais usage;
Leurs auteurs meismes en ont dit,
En les blasmant, maint divers dit.
Dant de Florence, le vaillant
Pouete qui tout son vaillant
Perdy pour cel estrif grevable,
En son bel livre tiès notable
En parla moult en les blasmant." . . .

She then mentions Cecco d'Ascoli, and quotes from the "Acerba" his opinion of the Bolognese, after which she returns to Dante:

"Et Dant en parlant à Flourance,
Où il avoit sa demourance,
En manière de moquerie
Lui dit que: 'S'esjoisse et rie,
Car sur terre et sur mur s'ebatent
Ses elles et meismes s'embatent
Jusqu'en enfer, en quel maison
A de ses citoiens foison.'"

Christine has here freely translated the opening lines of *Inf.*, xxvi. (For an account of her poem see Paulin Paris, *Manuscripts Français*, vol. v., pp. 133 foll.)

The second reference is by Geoffroy Tory in his *Champ Fleury*, published in 1529, some sixty years before the appearance of the Abbé Grangier's translation of the *Divina Commedia* (which, by the way, Dean Plumptre is mistaken in styling "the first translation of the *D.C.* into any modern European tongue," for it was preceded by at least one version, viz.—that in "rims vulgars cathalans" of the fifteenth century by Andreu Febrer). Geoffroy, in giving a list of authors whose works he regarded as authorities in the matter of language, says:

"On porroit en oultre user des oeuvres de Arnoul Graban et de Simon Graban son frere. Dantes Aligerius, Florentin, comme dict mon susdict bon amy frere René Massé, faict honorable mention dudict Arnoul Graban. . . On porroit semblablement bien user des belles chroniques de France que mon Seigneur Cretin, nagues chroniqueur du roy, a si bien faictes, que Homère, ne Virgile, ne Dantes n'eurent onques plus d'excellence en leur stile."

(See Génin's edition of Palsgrave's *Eclaircissement de la Langue Française*, pp. 8-11.)

It is evident that neither René Macé nor Geoffroy Tory can have known much about the *Divina Commedia* or its author, for Arnoul Graban, who was the author of the "Mystere de la Passion," a poem in about 30,500 lines, was born just a hundred years after the death of Dante. The "Arnaldo" of whom "honourable mention" is made by the latter is, of course, Arnaut Daniel.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

P.S.—It may perhaps not be out of place here to point out that the concluding statement of Mr. Whitley Stokes's interesting letter on "Folklore in the *D.C.*" in the ACADEMY of June 8, viz.—that "Dante resided for two years in France as a student at the University of Paris," is more precise than is warranted by the scanty information we possess on the subject. Our only grounds for believing Dante to have studied at the University of Paris are the somewhat vague statements of Giovanni Villani, Boccaccio, and others. The former says that after the expulsion of the White Party from Florence, "Dante andossene allo studio a Bologna et poi a Parigi." Boccaccio remarks simply that Dante, seeing all hope of a return to Florence at an end, "se n'andò a Parigi." He refers, however, elsewhere—but in the same vague fashion—to his theological studies at Paris. Beyond this we know nothing.

One of the chief arguments in favour of Dante having visited Paris (based upon *Par. x.* 133-8) has, as I pointed out some time back in the ACADEMY (March, 13, 1886), been disposed of by the discovery that Siger de Brabant, whose lectures in Paris Dante is supposed to have attended, came into Italy, and, in fact, died there; so that it is not any longer necessary to assume a visit to Paris on Dante's part in order to account for his acquaintance with the teacher of the "invidiosi veri." T.

THE DERIVATION OF "HALIMOT."

Oxford: June 15, 1889.

At p. lxxvi. of his valuable introduction to the second volume of the publications of the Selden Society (*Select Pleas in Manorial Courts*, vol. i.), Prof. Maitland says that Prof. Skeat tells him that the thirteenth century form *halimot* points "not to 'hall-moot,' but to 'holymoot.'" On the strength of this, Prof. Maitland ventures to "guess that the term was first applied to the courts belonging to monastic houses in the sense of 'the Saint's Court,'" and that "the name may have been extended to similar courts of lay lords." But, he remarks in conclusion, "it would be convenient if philology would suffer us to believe that we have to do with a 'hall-moot.'"

It is curious that Prof. Skeat should have overlooked the obvious etymology of "halimot," for it was known to Spelman, who derives it

"a Sax. *heal*, id est, *aula*, et *gemot* seu mot simpli-citer, id est *conventus*; *g* autem in *gemot* (ut in aliis plurimis) in *i* et *y* transit."

This derivation, which is phonologically correct, is evidently the right one, for it gives *halimot* the meaning that we require. There is no reason to believe that *halimot* was applied exclusively to the courts of manors belonging to monasteries. The following passage from the Pipe Roll 4 John, in Madox, *Firma Burgi*, 64 n. 9, proves that *halimot* was then a general term in Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire:

"Homines de Lechton [debent] x. marcas, pro habenda inquisitione per proxima *hallimota* et per legales milites et alios homines de uisneto, quas consuetudines ipsi fecerint tempore Henrici Regis patris."

The Charter Rolls of A.D. 1214 (p. 200a) contain a grant of immunity "de sectis comitatuum et hund[edorum] et *halimotorum*," which also testifies to the general use of the name *halimot*. That *imot* here represents *gemot* is proved by the form *swan-imotum* in the same rolls, A.D. 1214, 1215 (pp. 204a, 214b)†; this word evidently representing an O.E. **swān-gemōt*. The form *swan-imotum* occurs in the Forest Charter of 1217 (c. 8). The change from O.E. *ge* to M.E. *i* in weak syllables is quite regular. Besides this, there was a decided preference in O.E. for the use of the collective prefix *ge* in such words as *ge-mōt*, *ge-mære*, *ge-lēte*, *ge-fylce*, &c. Moreover, that *halimotes* were not *holymoots* is proved by the use of this word to designate the general meetings of the London bakers (see *Liber Albus*, p. 356; *Liber Custumarum*, p. 104). These must have been real "hall-moots," meetings at the hall of the gild. The word was, I believe, applied in other places to the meetings of trade gilds. Curiously enough, the London bakers' *halimot* became Latinised, according to Jacobs, as *Curia Sanctimotus*, but this can only have arisen

* By some singular oversight the binding is stamped "vol. ii.," though the title-page says "vol. i."

† The *swanimotum* of A.D. 1200 (p. 82b) should, no doubt, be read *swan-imotum*. The form *swanimote* was in use until the time of James I. Since then the word has been altered to *swainmoot* under the influence of *swain*, from the O.N. cognate of O.E. *swān*.

from a mistranslation. According to Spelman's derivation, *halimot* is, as Mr. Mayhew has suggested to me, parallel to *handywork*, from O.E. *hand-geuere*.

Mr. Maitland believes that the Leet was originally an East Anglian term. In the same way *halimot* seems to be a Southern English term, possibly restricted to the *West-Seaxnalu*, and, perhaps, the *Miercna-lagu*. It is, however, dangerous to generalise from one's own limited acquaintance with manor records. But I venture to make the suggestion that considerable light might be derived from a careful mapping out of the areas where such words as *halimot*, *portmannot*, *burhwaremot*, *bylaw*, and other old law terms were in use. Such a mapping out would, I believe, prove that the legal vocabulary of the Danish districts differed considerably from that of the purely English.

There are two other points in Mr. Maitland's introduction that I wish to refer to, although they are not germane to the title of this note. One is that there is an account of the earlier assize of bread that Mr. Maitland thinks may be ascribed to John's reign in Matthew of Paris, *Hist. Maiora*, ii. 480, where it is ascribed to 1202. This description seems to be an insertion of Paris's own, for Mr. Luard has not found the source of it. The second is the suggested connexion with the *litus*, *lidus*, *lazzus*, &c., of early Teutonic law of the word *litorum* in the formula:

"cum omnibus ad hoc rebus rite pertinentibus, sine litorum, sine camporum, agorum, saltuumus" (Kemble, *Cod. Dipl.*, No. 425; Earle, *Land Charters*, p. 186).

As this charter conveys land at Reculver, and the boundaries proceed from Yfinga hoh into the sea, and along the sand to the north mouth ("of Yfinga ho ut on sæ . . . swaforð be sande oð norð muhan"), returning to Yfinga hoh, and so into the sea ("þanon on Yfinga ho and swa ut on sæ"), the conclusion that *litorum* is merely the gen. pl. of the classical *litus* seems obvious.

W. H. STEVENSON.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD "KEEL."

Oxford: June 11, 1889.

In the Dictionaries of Webster-Mahn, Mr. Wedgwood, and Prof. Skeat, the word "keel" is supposed to be the formal representative of the Old English *cēol*, a ship. Mr. Wedgwood also connects "keel" with Icel. *kjöl*, a keel. Now, one of these equations—"keel"=*cēol* or "keel"=*kjöl*—must be wrong, for *cēol* comes from a Germanic base *keula*, a ship; whereas *kjöl* (= *kelu*) is derived from a primitive Germanic base *kulja*, a keel. To this latter base belongs the word "keel." In his Dictionary, Prof. Skeat gives us from Trevisa the Middle English form of "keel," namely *kele*, a form which connects the word unmistakably with Old English *cele*, keel—a word occurring in the Epinal Glossary (see Sweet's *Oldest English Texts*, p. 540). This *cele* (*celu*) is the precise phonetic equivalent of Icel. *kjöl* (the *jö* being the *u*-umlaut of the Germanic umlaut *e*; see Noreen, § 310). Our word "keel" is, therefore, a genuine English word, not of Scandinavian origin, though it is identical with Icel. *kjöl*, and it has nothing in the world to do with Old-English *cēol*, a ship. The German *kiel* is a form from the base *keula*, and is identical with Old English *cēol*. It has nothing to do with Icel. *kjöl*, as Fick maintains (vii. 47).

A. L. MAYHEW.

"CANTERBURY POETS."—"W. S. LANDOR."

London: June 24, 1889.

My name appears as the writer of the preface to a small volume on Landor in this series,

of which my friend, Mr. William Sharp, is "general editor."

I wrote the preface, and corrected "proof," and rested content. To-day I receive a copy of the book, and I find that what stands over my name is not what I wrote. Short as it was, it is curtailed. The first pages are mangled beyond recognition; the last are omitted wholly. For the rest, the intellectual and euphonic relations of sentences are utterly altered by the omission of many whose place had been studied.

The "general editor" may have much to say upon his side. On mine, I have only to deny emphatically that I am the author of this preface. I gave Mr. Sharp some trouble, and was late with my copy, &c. Also, I sought to beguile the weariness of labour by light occasional references to that school of poets of whose writings (to repeat an old jest) Mr. Sharp remains the most voluminous exponent. In making his composition mine he has enjoyed a hideous revenge.

ERNEST RADFORD.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, July 1, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: General Meeting for Business.

THURSDAY, July 4, 4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Roman Antiquities of the Middle Rhine," by Prof. B. Lewis; "A Manuscript of Sarum Hours," by the Rev. E. S. Dewick; "A Ring of Bishop Andrews," by the Rev. Greville I. Chester.

FRIDAY, July 5, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

SOME GERMAN BOOKS ON GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

Die Psychologie der Stoa. Von Dr. Ludwig Stein. Erster Band, Metaphysisch-Anthropologischer Teil, 1886. Zweiter Band, Die Erkenntnistheorie der Stoa, 1888. (Berlin: Calvary; London: Nutt.) Along with his main task of unfolding the psychology or rather pneumatology of the Stoics, Dr. Stein discusses various side-issues. The physical and metaphysical theories he only cares to take up so far as they come into contact with the psychology; but still he stoutly, and, as we think, successfully, maintains the claim of the Stoics to originality in speculation. Still, his admiration for "the most independent school after Aristotle" does not prevent him from recognising fully its obligations to those who went before; and some of his most interesting suggestions are about the debt of the Stoics to Herakleitos, and medical writers. On the other hand, he rates very low the chance that Zeno was acquainted with the Old Testament (i. 98-9). At the other end of the history of the school, he holds with H. Winkler that the Stoa influenced Christianity rather than that Christianity influenced the Stoa. Of course he rejects as the fancy of a "kritiklose Zeit" the idea that Seneca was a pupil of Paul. His notice of this matter is naturally brief; but it might well have included some mention of the inscription said to have been found at Ostia in 1867, and published by De Roesi, naming a certain M. Annaeus Paulus Petrus. This may be a modern forgery, or an old one, like the letters of Paul and Seneca; but the juxtaposition of names is curious, and some people think it more than curious. Poor M. Aurelius is rather hardly used by Dr. Stein, who tortures some of his ethical remarks into metaphysical or psychological meanings which they were never intended to bear. Nor can we always agree on other occasions with Dr. Stein's explanations of the emperor's words. The *παλιγγενεσία* (not *παλιγγένεσις*) of xi. 1 cannot well (as Dr. Stein says, ii. 204) imply a

doctrine of immortality or metempsychosis; xii. 5 looks as if it might; but x. 31 declares roundly that τὸ ἀπαξ μεταβαλὼν οὐκεν ἔσται ἐν τῷ ἀπείρῳ χρόνῳ. The προσκεிடόμενον of Epiktetos, explained by Stein (ii. 386) as "das vorzeitige und überilte Erteilen des Beifalls," is not identical with the προσδοξέειν of M. Aur. vii. 64. Nor does the αἰσθητικὴ ἀντιτυπία of M. Aur. vi. 28 seem to us to mean "der ewige Widerstreit der Sinne"; does it not merely contain the same metaphor for perception as φτυπούσθαι φανταστικῶς in iii. 16?

Untersuchungen zur Philosophie der Griechen. Von Dr. H. Siebeck. Zweite Auflage. (Freiburg i. B.: Mohr.) Dr. Siebeck has added three papers to the present edition of his "Enquiries"—an essay on the chronology of the Platonic dialogues; an examination of some passages of Aristotle; and an essay on the "Katharsisfrage"—an inquiry into what Aristotle understood by *katharsis* as an effect of tragedy. The last-named paper, perhaps, affords the most curious reading. A right idea of what Aristotle meant was for some time prevented, as Dr. Siebeck says, by ascribing to his view a moral significance, and overlooking its psychological side; and even now the psychological interpretation generally adopted is one modern in character, rather than fitted to ancient psychology. There are three factors to be considered: how and why a tragedy, written as Aristotle wished, affects a spectator; the doctrine of purification which he inherited from Plato (as the account of pure and mixed pleasures in the *Philebus*, or the passages of the *Phaedrus* 268C sq. and *Rep.* 606A,D); and the analogy of medical *katharsis*. The latter is not a total removal of a given matter from the body, but a removal of so much as is superfluous and burdensome; a total removal would be not *katharsis*, but *kénosis*. *Katharsis* τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων in *Poet.* 6 means the getting rid of some of these emotions, and the consequent purification of what remains in the soul. The result is *κοιφίεσθαι μετ' ἡδονῆς*. To some extent Zeller anticipated Dr. Siebeck's analysis of Aristotle's probable meaning, but explained it less clearly and less fully. In the first of the three essays Dr. Siebeck returns to the standing question about Plato's *Republic*; was it published all at once, or in pieces? and, in the latter case, in what pieces? He draws attention, as other dissectors have done before him, to apparent inconsistencies in the dialogue. How can book x. condemn all poetry as imitative, when book iii. said that only dramatic or dramatising poetry is imitative? The answer seems to us obvious—that the two passages do not mean imitation of the same thing, and that therefore both propositions may be true. But he also goes very fully into the question of minute linguistic differences found within the dialogue and between different dialogues, carrying further the line of inquiry commenced by Schanz in *Hermes* 21; and he concludes that the *Republic* was written in four pieces. P. 148 gives the four thus: i.; ii.-iv. 18; iv. 19-ix.; x. Pp. 265-6 print them thus i.; ii.-iv.; v.-ix.; x. Between these sections Plato wrote several other dialogues, in an order still capable of determination. All this is very wire-drawn, and it is accompanied here and there by mistakes or confusions which we cannot clear away. For one instance see p. 142: What is said of poetry at the beginning of book x.

"macht den Eindruck einer Begründung durch welche das im zweiten und dritten Buche über deren Verhältnis zum Staate Gesagte nachträglich vertheidigt werden soll. . . . Der Anfang des achten Kapitels scheint dies sogar ausdrücklich zuzugeben: ταῦτα δὲ ἀπολογίσθω ἡμῖν κ.τ.λ." Is not Dr. Siebeck thinking of ἀπολογισθῶ, the reading which he does not follow?

Ueber die Theologie des Xenophanes. Von J. Freudenthal. (Breslau: Koebner.) That Xenophanes was a pure monotheist has apparently been the universal opinion of modern historians; it is asserted by the author of the treatise, *De Melisso, Xenophane, et Gorgia*; and the unity of his universe appears to point to a unity of Godhead as its logical corollary. But Herr Freudenthal is bold enough to oppose this view. Xenophanes was, he thinks, a polytheist like his contemporaries. He insists that there is no authority, except the above treatise, for ascribing monotheism to Xenophanes. The fragments of his poetry speak, and some of them speak in an emphatic way, of a plurality of gods: *Εἰς θεοὶ ἐν τῇ θεοσίαι καὶ ἀνθρώποις μέγιστος*. Aristotle and Theophrastus speak of his gods in the plural, and so does Cicero, probably following Posidonius. Moreover, by giving up Xenophanes's monotheism, we get rid of some difficulties. How should he have arrived suddenly at an idea to which his predecessors scarcely show an approach, and to which a Sokrates, a Plato, and an Aristotle failed later to attain? Why, again, if he was a monotheist, was Anaxagoras persecuted and Xenophanes let alone? If he was not a monotheist, we can escape the far-fetched explanations by which Kern, Brandis, and Zeller try to reconcile what he certainly wrote with what he is said to have taught. The fact is that the ancients knew little more of Xenophanes than we do. His writings were lost early, and the assertion of the *De Melisso* is mere invention. Yet Xenophanes was really a religious reformer. He derided the anthropomorphic idea of the gods, and strove to refine man's conception of them; and this alone would give him an honourable place in the history of religion. But he was still satisfied with many gods. As the one greatest god interpenetrated and controlled the universe, so did minor gods themselves—eternal, though yet a part of the great godhead—preside over single provinces of the universe. This interpretation is certainly ingenious. Such minor gods, whether we are to think of them as spirits or emanations or hypostases, would certainly be devoid of those human characteristics which were the joy of the Greeks and the stumbling-block of the philosopher. But, whether this theory belongs to Xenophanes or only to Herr Freudenthal, it seems to play rather fast-and-loose with the meaning of "god." Historically, "god" ought to mean a personal, powerful being of a spiritual nature. In the theory before us we see the power, but not the personality, perhaps not the spirituality. But, after all, Spinoza, too, gave the name of "god" to his impersonal substance, and thereby set the world wrong for generations. Herr Freudenthal's pamphlet is convincing, at least on its negative or destructive side. After reading him, we feel that we understand better the age and mental surroundings of the philosopher, and we cannot believe that he taught the unity of a personal God.

We have received from Messrs. Williams and Norgate the following pamphlets:—(1) *Aristotelis nepl 'Epannelas* Librum pro restituendo totius philosophiæ fundamento interpretatus est D. Fr. Michelis; (2) *Hypatia von Alexandria*, Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Neuplatonismus, von W. A. Meyer. As regards the former, Herr Michelis does well to insist on the connexion between logic and philosophy. Bacon, when he said *Demonstrationes potentia quadam philosophiæ ipsæ sunt*, was nearer the truth than Mill in his attempt to make out that logic was common ground on which the partisans of opposed philosophies might meet and join hands; and Michelis's commentary, a thoughtful and painstaking piece of work, gives strong, though indirect, support to Bacon's dictum. But the perusal of his

Latin is made harder by a somewhat unpolished style. The sentences read heavily, and the vocabulary (e.g., *preambulus*) is not always quite classical. As to Hypatia, Herr Meyer leaves the cause of her death, as he found it, still uncertain. The existing evidence is very scanty, as indeed is all our information about this unhappy victim of Christian outrage; and it does not admit of certain inference. That she was torn to pieces by a mob is certain, but the reason of the deed is not plain. Herr Meyer argues that if, as Sokrates says, the mob had in mind the hostility existing between Orestes, governor of Alexandria, and the Bishop Cyril, it would rather have attacked Orestes—as, indeed, it did on one occasion—than have assailed Hypatia as his counsellor. He, not she, was the person who really stood in Cyril's way. According to Damascius, again, in Suidas, Cyril incited the mob against her from jealousy of her renown and influence as a teacher. But this was no new discovery of his. She had enjoyed her position for years. Accepting, then, Cyril's agency but not his motive, Herr Meyer suggests that he caused her death as a means of wounding either Orestes or Synesius, friends of Hypatia, enemies of his. But this remains a bare possibility; and it is noteworthy that the words *δ φόνος* occur, though unexplained, in Sokrates's account. The argument is more convincing in which Herr Meyer maintains that Hypatia was not a neo-Platonist in the ordinary sense of the word; but that, free from magic and theurgy, she stood much nearer in thought to Plato and Aristotle than to Iamblichus or even Plotinus, and that among her contemporaries her views were more like those of Hierokles.

Platonische Studien. Von H. Bonitz. Dritte Auflage. (Berlin: Vahlen; London: Dulau.) The third edition of these already favourably-known essays is but little altered from the second. The author maintains, it will be remembered, that each dialogue of Plato is a self-contained whole, and should be studied as such before we try to fit it into any Platonic system. His original object was to carry out this undertaking for the *Gorgias*, *Theætetus*, *Euthydemus*, and *Sophistes*. He has now included some discussion of the *Laches*, *Euthyphron*, *Protagoras*, *Phaedrus*, *Phædo*, and *Charmides*.

THE *Charmides* is also made the subject of separate discussion by K. Troost (*Inhalt und Echtheit der Platonischen Dialoge auf Grund logischer Analyse*. Erster Heft. Berlin: Calvary; London: Nutt). He decides that the dialogue has no originality; it is full of matter stolen from other parts of Plato's writings, and from the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. The writer of it was also, as Ohse argued, acquainted with Aristotle's works. In short, the *Charmides* is a fraud, composed perhaps in the time of Xenokrates. What a pity that so many scholars should have been imposed upon!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VENICE ATHENÆUS.

Queen's College, Oxford: June 24, 1889.

Being, a few days ago, in the Marciana at Venice, I asked out of curiosity to see the well-known MS. of Athenæus, No. 447. Upon opening it I was at once struck with the resemblance of the hand to that of the Clarke Plato, with which I am familiar; and further examination made my impression a certainty. The MS. is written in two hands. It is only to the earlier that my conclusion applies. A facsimile of a page of this (as of the other) is given in Wattenbach and Von Velsen's *Exempla Codicum Græcorum* (plate 29); but the page is chosen from a part of the MS. where the scribe,

feeling confidence in the capacity of his material, or from some other motive, relaxed the severity of hand with which he began, and adopted a freer, and indeed somewhat coarser, style. The facsimile, therefore, does not exhibit the same striking resemblance to the Plato that is manifest in the first 120 pages.

The book, then, was written by John the calligrapher. Whether it belonged to the extensive library of his patron Arethas cannot be said for certain, but it is likely. There is a broad erasure at the end that may have contained a subscription. In the similar case of the Laurentian Aristides, 60, 3, Prof. Vitelli was able to establish Arethas's ownership from the scholia in his hand; but Athenæus has no scholia, and the marginal abstracts are, as Wattenbach and Von Velsen observe, in the hand of the text. Still, in all probability this book also is to be added to the list of authors ordered and read by Arethas.

The identification of the hand has the further interest that the date of the MS. can thereby be more nearly fixed. The MS. has always been said to be of the tenth century; but now, however difficult it may be to limit the period of a scribe's activity, one can hardly suppose it written much after 900.

T. W. ALLEN.

THE VERB SUBSTANTIVE IN ETRUSCAN.

Settlington Rectory, York: June 24, 1889.

Twelve years ago I suggested in *Fraser's Magazine* that *am-ce* in Etruscan inscriptions must be translated *fruit*—an explanation which has since been generally accepted.

A very large number of Etruscan inscriptions begin with *mi*, which is not unfrequently accompanied by the word *ma*. It was formerly supposed that *mi* was equivalent to *sum*, and *ma* to *ego*; but since *mi* is occasionally followed by a transitive verb such as *turce*, it seems better to adopt Dr. Pauli's explanation that *mi* is the demonstrative pronoun, and to translate *mi turce* as *hoc dedit*. But if *mi* cannot mean *sum*, then *ma*, which occasionally follows or precedes it, cannot mean *ego*. Dr. Deecke has suggested that it may be a contracted form of the proper name *Marce*; but though this is sometimes not impossible, as when *ma* follows *mi*, it is inapplicable where *ma* precedes *mi*, as in the mortuary inscription *ma mi march[na]s senties chestes* (Fabretti, No. 2328), where the three last words are proper names in the genitive. But if we take *ma* to mean *est* the difficulty disappears, and *mi ma* at the beginning of an inscription can be translated *hoc est*. The word *ma* sometimes occurs without *mi*, as in an inscription on a cinerary urn in Fabretti's second supplement, *Alsinas ma svalce avils lvi*. Here there is no doubt about the last words, which mean, "died, aged 66," while *Alsinas* is a proper name in the genitive, since the nominative *Alsina* occurs in other epitaphs in the same tomb; and, as *svalce* means *obit* or *decessit*, it is impossible that *ma* can be *ego*, so that *est* seems to be the only reasonable interpretation. To translate *mi ma* as "this is," suits the other inscriptions in which it occurs—e.g., the inscription on a cippus, *mi ma velus ratlnis aulesa* (Fabretti, No. 352); and No. 351, also on a cippus, *mi ma laris suplu*. Varro and Festus inform us that *subulo* meant a flute player (*tibicen*) in Etruscan, and *laris*, according to Dr. Deecke, may be either the nominative or the genitive of a proper name; so that we may translate "This is Lars the flute player."

So far, I have not come across any inscription in which *am-ce* may not be translated by *fruit* and *ma* by *est*.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

PROF. SMITH'S "GRAPHICS."

London: June 23, 1889.

No doubt Prof. Smith thinks his new symbols are advantageous, or he would not have adopted them. They are facile and definite to him because he has made considerable use of them. I, however, had to place myself in the position of a novice trying to use his *Graphics* as a students' textbook; and, in my judgment, Prof. Smith's symbolism would hinder—if nothing else did—the use of the book beyond the range of his own students, who have grown accustomed to his special modes of abbreviation.

I accept Prof. Smith's assurance that he has studied the literature of Graphics; but all the more I regret he did not see well to drop a hint to his readers that continental writers had given constructions which differed from his own. Personally, after the labours of Lill and Reuss, I can only wonder that Prof. Smith finds it good to solve quadratic equations by aid of a parabola and cubic equations by drawing a cubic curve.

But the main point Prof. Smith raises is the obscurity of Clifford's definition of a "rotor." It is possible that Prof. Smith has had better opportunities than I have of knowing what Clifford meant by the word. But, so far as I have examined Clifford's papers, they are perfectly consistent and clear. Prof. Smith says that "Clifford used the term 'rotor' to mean two essentially different things." This is news to me. Any physical quantity which could be represented by a step having magnitude, direction, sense, and position, and which obeys the parallelogram law of addition, was for Clifford a "rotor" quantity. Thus he terms spins, forces, momenta all "rotors," just as he terms translational velocities and forces-moments "vectors." I believe the first published introduction of the word is in the "Preliminary Sketch of Biquaternions" (*Math. Soc. Proc.*, vol. iv., p. 382, 1873).

"In analogy with this [Hamilton's use of the word *vector*], I propose to use the name *rotor* (short for *rotator*) to mean a quantity having magnitude, direction, and position, of which the simplest type is a velocity of rotation about a certain axis. A rotor will be geometrically represented by a length proportional to its magnitude measured upon its axis in a certain sense."

It will be seen that Clifford thus adopted the word "rotor" to denote a whole class of physical quantities, and he derived its name from the simplest species, just as he considered it convenient to derive "vector" from its simplest species, a velocity of translation. But Clifford, so far as I know, never especially terms rotations "rotors." He terms them "spins," when he wishes to distinguish them as a special class of the genus "rotor." This is in complete analogy with his introduction of the word "motor" to embrace the species twist and wrench. Chapter ii. of Book II., and chapter iii. of Book IV. of the *Dynamics* consistently carry out this conception of "rotor" for spin, momentum, and force. If Prof. Smith wants to introduce new names for distinctions, which are to me at least not quite obvious, all that disciples of Clifford would request is that he would leave Clifford's nomenclature alone, and not use it in a sense exactly opposite to that of its inventor. In his Glossary, Prof. Smith tells us that a "rotor" can be represented by a vector, and cites, as an example, a force-moment! That Clifford could have conceived of a force-moment as a "rotor" is to suppose an inconsistency in his methods of thought which, in my opinion, is utterly unwarranted by anything he has ever written. It is to introduce total confusion into the perfectly clear and admirable system of notation of the "Preliminary Sketch of Biquaternions." In what manner Clifford's rotor "incompletely" repre-

sents the properties of a spin, as Prof. Smith seems to hint, I fail to understand.

KARL PEARSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE last number of the *Mineralogical Magazine* opens with a paper by Mr. L. Fletcher, the late president, in which he describes a new South American mineral under the name of "Daviesite." This mineral was obtained from the Mina Beatriz in the Sierra Gorda, Atacama, where it occurs in association with percolite, caracolite, and other minerals of less rarity than these species. Daviesite is found in very minute colourless crystals, of prismatic habit, belonging to the ortho-rhombic system; and it appears, from qualitative analysis, to be an oxychloride of lead. It is named after Mr. Thomas Davies, the well-known mineralogist, who for upwards of thirty years has been an officer in the mineralogical department of the British Museum.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AT the meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres on June 14, the Prix Julien for the best work on Chinese philology published in 1888 was awarded as follows: 1000 frs. to Father Bouchez for his *Boussole du langage mandarin*; and 500 frs. to Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie for his papers generally.

THE second part of the new series of *Tribner's Record* fully maintains the high standard both of learning and general interest set by the first. The most important article is a report on the progress of Assyriological research during the last twelve months, by Dr. Carl Bezold, who (as our readers know) is at present engaged at the British Museum. Then we have some anticipations of Mr. E. H. Man's forthcoming monograph on the Nicobarese Islanders, which will form a companion to his work on the aboriginal inhabitants of the Andamans. A detailed account is also given of the arrangements for the international congress of orientalists to be held at Stockholm and Christiania during the first fortnight of September. Prof. Noldeke reviews Dr. Snouck Hurgronje's elaborate volumes describing his six months' stay at Mecca—a book which (probably because printed in Dutch) has not attracted the attention it deserves in this country. Among the notes is a list of the works (chiefly in Arabic) published by the late Gen. W. Nassau Lees.

THE last number of the *Transactions* of the Asiatic Society of Japan (XVII., i.) contains a valuable translation by Mr. James Troup of the Epistles of Rennyō Shōnin, a fifteenth-century head of the great, rich, and powerful Buddhist Shin-shiu (true-doctrine) sect, which believes in attaining "faith by the power of another," that is, by the power of Amida or immeasurable Buddha, on whom alone they rely. "There is nothing to be done" to become a Buddha, except simply with singleness of mind to place reliance on Amida Buddha alone. They admit the salvation of women, that is, that a woman, at the end of her life as such, may obtain nirvāna without going through the rebirths in other forms, which the earlier doctrine demanded. In connexion with this it is essential to bear in mind that the priests marry, and that the priesthood is hereditary. A Shin-shiu woman is to follow the behest of the priesthood; to remember that, high or low, she is a vile personality, and sinful beyond what is known; she is not to go after other paths of salvation, not to practice austerities, not to worship heaven (as the Chinese do), not to do service to demons and gods, and not to respect lucky days. We could wish Mr.

Troup had added the original technical terms which he renders heaven, demon, and god. But even the Shin-shiu woman is still subject to the five disabilities of the sex: she cannot become a universe-conqueror or wheel-deity (chakravartin), nor Brahma, nor Sakra (Indra), nor Māra, nor a personal Buddha. As to the theologico-metaphysical expositions, these epistles evince throughout that vagueness and entanglement of thought which characterise all such Japanese efforts in the past. The celebrated Whited-Bones Epistle is poetical and pessimist enough.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, May 25.)

W. C. H. Cross, Esq., president, in the chair.—Miss Louisa Mary Davies, in a paper entitled "The Mutual Contamination Guild," said that the mere name of college life has a fascination for all sorts and conditions of men and women, and that work or play pursued gregariously is much more pleasantly and, as a rule, more effectually done than the same study or recreation taken up in solitude. Before the foundation of Girton and Newnham, Tennyson gave us, in a dream of loveliness and purity, the vision of a seat of learning for women. From such it is a flight sudden and rapid as Lucifer's nine days' fall into hell to discuss rare Ben Jonson's picture of a ladies' collegiate institution, given in "The Silent Woman." Truewit's description soon scatters any associations of literary culture suggested by the name. The least of the vices of the members seems to have been the pursuit of beauty at any price. And this has its pathetic side, and a sneer, in process of evolution, might easily find itself a tear. Lady Haughty, the president, has not a redeeming point in her character. Little else but frivolity, she shows just a glimpse of the blue-stocking. She can expound dreams out of Artemidorus, that ancient authority on them; but from being a student of classical literature she has become a mere society scarecrow. The other women are all alike in their loathsomeness. Cynics rail with some show of justice at the hollowness of modern society; but surely it is far better to find a vacuum where refreshment and gladness were hoped for, than to penetrate the brilliant surface only to find the mouth filled with ashes and the spirit with loathing.—Mr. John Taylor, in "A Few Notes on Drummond's Interview with Ben Jonson," said Drummond was no more a Boswell than was Boswell a Drummond. He was a gracious poet, but sorry reporter; and his recollections of Ben Jonson's table-talk would have been little loss to the literary world and even less to Jonson's fame, had they never been published. Jonson's reported criticisms of Sylvester, Fairfax, Chapman, and Harrington are unfinished, impertinent, and commonplace. When Jonson said that Shakspeare "wanted art" he said that which is untrue unless artificiality be meant; but Ben's real meaning was that Shakspeare was without pedantry, and therefore deficient in art. Shakspeare's art is the highest in all dramatic literature, even if not copied from the ancients and constructed with their materials, as in the Jonsonian plays. Like Thomas Carlyle of later day, Ben Jonson was fond of detracting from the merits of his contemporaries, though he frequently contradicted himself even in this. But unlike Carlyle, who never loved another's work more than his own, Jonson could laud and magnify as well as censure. His eulogies of Shakspeare, Donne, Beaumont, Drayton, Bacon, Southwell are evidence of this.—Prof. C. H. Herford sent "A Note on the Masques of Jonson." He said that Jonson's Masques are the result of a combination which has only two or three times in literary history been realised—a combination of poetic faculty with the taste for ceremonious magnificence inherent in a court. In them Jonson adopted the features of the old "Revels" and "Barriers," but impressed them with the stamp of his more poetic and refined aims. Notwithstanding, however, the survival of these older elements, the accession of James I. and the employment of Jonson, which shortly ensued, mark a date of first-rate importance in the history of the Masque.

The tastes of the new sovereign and those of his queen were distinctly more favourable to the Masque, such as it became in Jonson's hands, than those of their predecessors. Elizabeth shared no doubt both James's love of classical allusion and Anne's love of spectacle; but she was devoid both of the enthusiasm and of the taste for art which the latter transmitted to her sons, Prince Henry and King Charles I., while her natural frugality disposed her rather to be a spectator at the shows provided by others (notably by Leicester in 1575) than to organise them herself. The extravagant sums lavished by the court of James upon Masques—which, it is to be remembered, were, in ordinary cases, performed but once (the "Masque of Blackness," e.g., cost the exchequer £3000)—were applied under Elizabeth to furnish the fabric of less baseless visions. In the long series of Jonson's Masques, the evidence of a regular development can be traced, modified occasionally by the purposes for which they were composed. They can, however, be conveniently classified according to their degree of participation in the cardinal element of plot. One class, including the "simple debates" and also the "mummings," is, strictly speaking, without it. But in the others one invariable feature is the plot, which leads up to an emphatic and strongly-marked climax; and the principal structural differences among these lie in the various methods by which the climax is prepared for and approached. The least dramatic of the methods is that of "Transformation," examples of which are seen in the twin Masques of "Blackness" and of "Beauty," the "Masque of Lethe," and the "Gipsies Metamorphosed." A second method is that of "Contrasted Tones," where two distinct parts exist, the one serving as a foil to the other. This is characteristic of Jonson's later Masques, composed after his return from Scotland, and is found in "News from the Moon," and the "Masque of Augurs." The third method is the most dramatic, and is that of "Counterplot," which is followed in all the Masques of Jonson's golden period from 1606 to 1620. It can be seen in the splendid "Masque of Queens," "Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly," "Mercury vindicated from the Alchemists," "The Golden Age," "Vision of Delight," "Pleasure reconciled to Virtue." They all have innumerable beauties and graces, and Jonson's lyrical faculty cannot be appreciated by anyone who is not familiar with them.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths read an "Outline of the Life of Ben Jonson," calling special attention to his narrow escape from hanging, his share in the Gunpowder Plot disclosures, and his connexions with the court of James I.—This meeting brought to an end the work of the society's fourteenth session. The plays for next session are "All's Well that Ends Well," "The Alchemist," "Othello," "Measure for Measure," "Philaster," "Lear," "Timon of Athens," "A King and No King."—The hon. secretary (9, Gordon Road, Clifton, Bristol) will be grateful for any magazine-articles, newspaper-scraps, or anything else to add to the Society's library, which now consists of 406 volumes.

NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 14.)

DR. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mr. Gollancz, of Christ's College, Cambridge, read a paper on "The Saga of Hamlet, with special reference to the Icelandic Saga of Ambales." The Saga of Ambales, of which many MSS. exist in Iceland, several in the libraries of Copenhagen, and one in the British Museum, is a romanticised version of the ordinary story of Hamlet. It was of peculiar interest as affording an early view of the hero's personality and history. The story of the birth of Hamlet had a thoroughly *volkstümlich* character. It told how a spæ-wife, offended at not being invited to bespeak the fortune of a child about to be born to Queen Amba, the wife of King Salman of Cimbria, makes her way to the pleasure garden of the queen and prophesies the trouble in store for her in the future: "Thy king shall be slain in war; none of his weapons shall strike home when he fights against his foes; thy first-born son shall likewise meet a disgraceful death, and so hard shall it go with thee that death shall seem to thee more desirable than life; and that son of thine

about to be born be for thee but of little joy, for he shall seem to all men a fool." Later on, the spæ-wife befriends the queen; and, although hated by the king, tends her through her illness. The child is described as "very large and unsightly, dark-skinned, and with bristle hair, black as coal, but yet beautiful by reason of his eyes." This child is called Ambales, after his mother Amba, for the king would not give him a name. As he grows up he is called by the king and the court "Amlode," evidently in derision. The word had early become a common noun in Iceland, and is, to this day, applied to any feeble or impotent person. The story, the geography of which is placed in Spain, Greece, Asia, &c., contains many quaint and pathetic episodes, and dwarfs, trolls, giants play important rôles. The charmed life of Ambales is throughout referred to the promised aid of the witch. The name of the mother, Amba, was evidently evolved from the form "Ambales," which was an Icelandic form of Ambaleth(us), itself an extension of Amlethus=Amlethus, the Latinised form of the Scandinavian Amlode; the *ð* being merely parasitic between *m* and *l*. The Icander was troubled by the two forms. The passage quoted above explains his method of settling the difficulty. Vigfusson assigned the composition of the story to the seventeenth century; but this scholar, as all other northern scholars, had not given the subject the attention it deserves. A curious passage in Torfaeus's *Series Regum Daniae* proves that, at least in the sixteenth century, a story which must have been a romanticised version of the story of Hamlet was current in Iceland: "Ad Saxonis Amlethum quod attinet, ego in patria puer a vetulis anibusque et ejusdem furfuris homuncionibus Amlodi historiam narratam audivi, inque terrima illa aetate pro fabula tantum aestimavi. Verum postquam adulter, suada Saxonis expositam amplificatamque conspexi, conceptum prius persuasionem ut puerilem antiquavi. Exinde amicorum quovis sollicitare non destiti ut illam historiam ubique quaererent, qui se nihil profecisse scriptis ad meliteris crebro questi sunt. Tandem ante aliquot annos eam nactus, lectione omnino indignam deprehendi, anilem quippe nec tressis fabulam, nuperque confectam; quae Amlodum istum non Danum sed Hispanum fuisse suggerit. Fabulam post Tamerlanis seu Tamerutuli tempora confectam esse ex eo liquet, quod ex ejus gestis aliquod ibi assutum compareat." Torfaeus was born in 1636. In the same century the great Arni Magnússon seems to have instituted a search for some saga of Hamlet he had heard as a boy in his native Iceland. He commissioned one Jon Thorlaksson (known as the "saga spoiler") to send it him, if by any chance he lighted on it. Jon Thorlaksson, failing to find the saga in question, set to work and paraphrased into Icelandic the Latin version of the story as told by Saxo Grammaticus. He sent it to Arni with the intention of deceiving him. This was in 1705. The very MS. is now at Copenhagen (A.M. 521a), with a note by Arni: "Me nimirum decipere voluit vir bonus, et persuadere se rem vetustatem mihi mittere. Sed non ego credulus illi." By this time the antiquary had got together several MSS. of the saga he was then searching for—i.e., the saga of Ambales; one of these is the MS. A.M. 521b, which contains a note that it came from Páll Bjarnarson of Unnarholt, in whose handwriting it is supposed to be; it was therefore written in 1680-1700. In addition to the prose saga there are also several poetical versions, "rimur," of the "Ambales" form of the Hamlet story. These "rimur" are ballad-cycles, each consisting of 20-30 cantos, the cantos being recited or chanted on successive nights. They are inordinately long, and at times wearisome, the poet being fettered by the strangest of metrical rules, and forced to invent poetical paraphrases of which it is often difficult to find the key. The length of some of the "rimur" extended to more than six thousand lines. There is evidence that as many as five different Ambales rimur once existed; of these only three are extant—A.M. 521e, Bokmáfj 273, Safn Jóns Sigurðssonar 72. The first of these contains a remarkable passage in the prelude to one of the ballads, the 21st. The poet apologises for his want of skill as follows:

"I cannot tell this better
than in these words,

I never saw the saga
in my mother tongue.
But this saga itself
I often used to see;
I have possessed it only
in the German tongue.
Though my poetical skill
fail to compose worthily of this fine subject,
I yet have tried,
to translate it correctly."

These lines complicate considerably the problem of the source of the Ambales-saga, for no version in any German dialect is known to exist. Search must be made in continental libraries for some popularised story of Hamlet. The peculiarly Scandinavian character of the saga would point either to a Scandinavian source (other than the Saxo version) of a lost German Hamlet story, or to a thorough recast of the German by an Icander. A comparison of the Icelandic ballads and the Icelandic saga shows incontestably that the former (as in the case of most "rimur") are derived from the latter. If the poet's statement in the passage quoted above is correct, he must be at once the first translator of the Ambales saga, and the first ballad-writer on the subject. The saga A.M. 521, and the "rimur" 521e, are (according to the opinion of experts) both in the handwriting of Páll Bjarnarson; but Páll, though he is known to have composed "rimur," cannot be the author of these, for the MS. shows clearly that the writer had a MS. before him either very old, or difficult to read. Possibly the MS. in Jón Sigurðsson's collection in Iceland (of which Mr. Gollancz has not yet been able to obtain a transcript) may throw some light on the question. The present saga contained elements connected with an original Hamlet story which must have been added by an Icander, notably the name "Amlode" as applied to "Ambales" in derision. In no German dialect would the statement have had any meaning. Again, the saga contained the chief features of the Brian saga, which could only have got into Germany from Iceland. Mr. Gollancz is inclined to regard the Brian saga (contained in Arnason's *Folk Legends of Iceland*) as the popular legendary form of the Hamlet story. In the earlier part of his paper the writer pointed out that there was evidence enough to prove that at no time, from the settlement of the Norsemen in Iceland to the present day, was the story of Hamlet unknown to the Icelanders. Saxo's account was probably due to an Icelandic original, for in the twelfth century writers on northern antiquities had to turn to "Ultima Thule" for particulars concerning their myths and heroes. Saxo himself states this, but rather mildly; for a true estimate of the value of Icelandic literature one must turn to the Norwegian writer, Theoderic. From internal evidence Saxo's Hamlet story can be shown to be Icelandic. The source was probably lost with the earlier parts of the Skjöldunga Saga. It must be borne in mind that already in the tenth century the story of Hamlet was so well known to the Icelanders that the name, with traditions concerning the hero, could be used as poetical circumlocutions (see the prose Edda, Skaldskaparmál, where Hamlet's quern = the sea, alluding to a tradition preserved in Saxo's history). In a future paper Mr. Gollancz will give an account of other Scandinavian analogues to Shaksperian stories.—In the discussion which followed, Mr. Gollancz explained the plan of his "Hamlet Saga, with Illustrative Texts," which, it is hoped, will be ready for publication by the end of the year.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, June 17.)

SIR FREDERICK GOLDSMID in the chair.—Mr. Edward G. Browne read his second paper on "The Báb of Persia," in which an account was given of their literature and doctrines, and an attempt made to trace the development of the latter from those advanced by Sheykh Ahmad Ahádí and his successor Háji Seyyid Kázim, who was the teacher of Mirza 'Alí Muhammad the Báb. The literature to be examined was divided into four periods, as follows: (1) The writings of Sheykh Ahmad and his successor, which were briefly considered, only the chief peculiarities of their doctrines being indicated. (2) The writings of the Báb himself, and some of his contemporaries; the former being

further subdivided into those composed before their author claimed to be divinely inspired, and those written subsequently to this claim. Of the first class only one work is known, the so-called "Book of the Pilgrimage," which is a form of prayer to be used on visiting the tombs of the Imáms. Of the second class the commentary on the chapter of the Kurán called the *Sura-i-Yásuf*, and the Persian *Bayán*, which represents the ultimate development of the Báb's views, were most fully discussed. A work of uncertain authorship called "The Seven Proofs" was then described, and a sketch was given of the line of argument adopted by the Bábís in dealing with those of other creeds, especially Muhammadans. A poem attributed to the Bábí heroine and martyr Kurrat-ul-Ayn, and a letter written by the fellow sufferer of the Báb to his elder brother on the night preceding his execution, were also noticed. (3) The writings of the third period, called "The Interval," during which Mirzá Yahyá, under the title of "His Highness the Eternal," acted as chief of the sect, were then described, especial attention being bestowed on a work called "I'kán" (the Assurance) by Behá, who had not at that time put forward his claim to supremacy. (4) The last period embraced the writings of Behá composed at a date subsequent to this claim, the first of which was an epistle addressed to one entitled Nasir. The epistles addressed to the kings and rulers of some of the principal countries of Europe and Asia were next discussed in detail. These were six in number, the longest being the letter to Nasir'u'd-Din Sháh, King of Persia. Of the others, the letter to Napoleon III. is of special interest, inasmuch as the downfall of the latter is therein foretold. The letters to the Pope of Rome and the Queen of England are also curious. In the latter much commendation is bestowed on the English nation because of the part taken by them in the abolition of slavery, while their system of representative government is highly applauded. Most of these letters appear to have been written about the year 1869. The paper concluded with an analysis of the contents of the latest and most systematic of Behá's works called the "Most Holy Tablet," wherein the prescriptions of the new religion are arranged, revised, and codified.—An interesting discussion followed, in which Dr. Leitner, Mr. Kay, and Sir F. Goldsmid took part.

FINE ART.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters. New Edition, revised and enlarged. Vol. II. Edited by Walter Armstrong and Robert Edmund Graves. (Bell.)

THE new edition of Bryan is at last complete. It was a wise foresight on the part of the publishers not to put any date on any of the parts, for it has been a long time in hand; and, if we add to the period over which the publication has extended the period of gestation before the first part appeared, a very long while indeed. The activity of research in every branch of art history has been so great during this period that, even if every part of the work had been quite up to date at the time it was issued, it would necessarily have contained many facts which no longer obtain credence; but it is the misfortune of the work as a whole that the earlier portion of it contained a good many more slips and omissions than was easily excusable.

But the ACADEMY in its notices of the parts as they appeared from time to time has called attention to some of these blemishes; and, now that the work has been finished, it is more pleasant to record the fact that the new edition of Bryan is, on the whole, a creditable performance, and the best work of its kind with which we are acquainted. Begun

under the editorship of Mr. Robert Edmund Graves, of the British Museum, whose contributions to its pages, together with those of Dr. J. P. Richter, the late Mrs. Heaton, and Mr. William Bell Scott, did much to enhance the value of the first volume, it passed into the care of Mr. Walter Armstrong, who is responsible for the whole of the second volume with the exception of the letter L. The vigour, the knowledge, and the care with which Mr. Armstrong has executed his share of the task are conspicuous to the end of it. The last part is not the least important, for it contains the names of Velazquez, Leonardo da Vinci, the Vivarini, Watteau, Wilkie, Wolgemut, Wouwerman, and a supplement giving the names of artists recently deceased or for some other reason omitted from the body of the book. Among the latter, we are glad to see the name of Kenny Meadows. Mr. Armstrong's articles, especially those on Velazquez, Leonardo da Vinci, and the Vivarini, are models of what such things should be. The biographies are terse, full, and scholarly, the list of works is sufficient, and in the case of Velazquez and Leonardo a copious bibliography is added. It may be noted, by the way, that Mr. Armstrong has the courage to assert the originality of the Suffolk Leonardo, "The Madonna among Rocks," now in the National Gallery, and to call the Louvre picture a copy. It does not require quite so much courage to abolish Giovanni Vivarini; but he has done it in a properly decisive manner by devoting a short article to this nameless name. His account of the Vivarini—Antonio, Bartolommeo, and Luigi—puts in the clearest way the latest knowledge about this once puzzling family, and their not less puzzling works.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUCCIO OF SIENA.

Perugia, June 21, 1889.

MR. C. Fairfax Murray labours under the disadvantage of not having read either my first letter or Mr. Stillman's reply to it. But what he writes in ACADEMY of June 15 is quite enough.

He says: "The Duccio picture was taken down for him some years ago in order that it might be photographed." I presume *inside* the Cathedral. Then he adds: "Some years later, a special gallery having been built (?), the picture was finally removed there." If this substantiates Mr. Stillman's statement in the *Century* that "Mr. Murray's efforts" were the occasion of the transference, I yield to superior knowledge.

WILLIAM MERCER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MESSRS. DEPREZ AND GUTEKUNST will, we hear, immediately have on view at their rooms in Queen-street, St. Martin's-place, the collection of water-colour drawings by Jules Jacquemart, to the existence of which, among the almost concealed treasures of M. Techener, we lately called attention. These, it will be remembered, are the drawings—about thirty in number—which Jacquemart executed for the *Histoire de la Porcelaine*. He made from them the famous etchings which grace that monumental work.

WE are glad to hear that one of the most attractive of our sculptors—Mr. Roscoe Mullins—will shortly open his studio to the students of his art. The plan, in England at least, is almost novel; but it is obvious that a beginner in sculpture can have no greater advantage than that of working under the supervision of an accepted and charming artist. We are glad to hear likewise that Mr. Mullin's *Primer of Sculpture* is in a forward state.

THE exhibitions to open next week include a collection of pictures of Japanese and Chinese life, painted by Mr. Theodore Wores, at the Dowdeswell Galleries; a collection of drawings of Cairo, by Mr. A. N. Roussoff, at the Fine Art Society's—both in New Bond Street; and a special exhibition of sketches and other works, given for the formation of a reserve fund, at the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that two large editions have been produced of *Royal Academy Pictures 1889*, the demand has been so large that the stock is already rapidly becoming exhausted. In order, however, that all the copies may be of the highest quality, the publishers have determined not to reprint the work again. The price of the two parts will be raised as copies become scarce.

THE Naval and Military Exhibition which opened on Waterloo Day in the Royal Scottish Academy galleries is not the first of its kind that has been held in Edinburgh. Last year an exhibition upon similar lines was brought together there in a smaller hall; and, though hurriedly organised and on view for only two or three days, it elicited sufficient interest to encourage its promoters to repeat the experiment upon a greatly extended scale. We hope to deal more fully with the present exhibition when the catalogue is in a complete condition—a catalogue presenting unusual difficulties to its compilers, as it details about 3500 separate exhibits, from nearly 500 lenders, and gives valuable notes on the more important items.

THE Société Centrale des Architectes Français, acting on the recommendation of the Académie des Inscriptions, has awarded its annual medal for archaeological research to M. Gsell, of the French School of Rome, who has lately been conducting some fruitful excavations at Vulci.

WE quote the following from the *Oxford Magazine*, which (as our readers may know) is edited by Mr. D. G. Hogarth:

"Undeterred by the scanty results obtained from Arsinoë, the Cyprus Exploration Fund propose to continue excavations in the island next winter. The site selected is that of Salamis, the most clearly defined and striking in the island. If there is anything worth finding in Cyprus it should be here. Salamis was by far the largest and most Hellenic of her cities—twice ruined, once by the Jews in the time of Trajan, and secondly by an earthquake in that of Constantine, it was rebuilt upon itself; and the drifting sand and deposits of the Pedieos river have buried its remains to a great depth. When Alexander di Cesnola was stopped in his excavations there in 1879 by the peremptory mandate of the British government, he was finding things of considerable value in the tombs; and more miscellaneous treasures, such as coins and gems, are picked up among the tumbled heaps of columns, cornices, capitals, and blocks than anywhere else in Cyprus. The fund will probably begin on a well-defined temple-site, which stands almost in the centre of the city, and perhaps represents the shrine of Zeus Salaminios, equal (so it was said) in splendour to that of Aphrodite of Paphos. Considering that so much of the find can be secured for English museums—which, is, of course, not the case in Greece—those interested in archaeology ought to support the venture liberally."

THE STAGE.

MR. BUCHANAN'S NEW COMEDY.

WHY is it that there are scarcely three writers for the Theatre who have the individuality, the full literary independence, of the high-class novelist and of the only poets whom it is possible to read? One asks the question even in regard to a comedy, in the main as interesting as that which Mr. Robert Buchanan produced at the Vaudeville last Wednesday week. Over and above some faults of construction—they are not very great ones—one feels, what the writer himself is probably not conscious of, that his utterance on life is not entirely sincere and personal: is not wholly his own. In saying this, I judge him by a high standard. A certain commonness, that belongs to the stage too often, lingers in characters which, on the whole, he has polished to distinction. That is, the conventional stage character is mixed here and there with the characters of Mr. Buchanan's imagining. The answer to our question is no doubt partly to be found in the fact that it is too much the custom of the stage writer to be literary tailor—as I have said before—as well as artist. Mr. Buchanan's literary tailoring is of a good sort. His best customer of all, Mr. Thomas Thorne, has had his measure taken perfectly. Nor are others neglected. Mr. Frederick Thorne has rightly enough been well looked after, and Miss Winifred Emery's raiment—so far as Mr. Buchanan has supplied it—is unquestionably "tailor-made." These three artists, all admirable in their way, are asked to do nothing whatever which is not within their province—which does not suit their method and their personality; and they are enabled to do nearly everything which is absolutely of their best.

I shall not exactly tell the story, but I shall hint at it in speaking of a few of the characters. Mr. Septimus Porter, personated by Mr. Thomas Thorne, is a worthy and wealthy gentleman from the Colonies. He has a partner, Mr. Frederick Thorne, who is his *fidus Achates*. This Matthew Bramble believes in him entirely, advocates his causes always, and has a right to do so. Mr. Porter has likewise a daughter, who is very charming. That is Miss Winifred Emery, and she plays with singular refinement and truth—presenting the very best impersonation she has yet afforded to the stage. The daughter of Mr. Porter has married one Sir Charles Fenton, who, after the fashion of the day, has had a "Past"—not a very serious "Past" however, as it consisted chiefly in a flirtation with Mrs. Waldegrave before she became a widow; nay, more, before she became a wife. *On revient toujours à ses premières amours*; and though Sir Charles Fenton likes his wife very much as the companion of many days, he finds Mrs. Waldegrave still very acceptable to him as the companion of a few. A false friend of Sir Charles's, one Major Dashwood, does his best to fan into fiery jealousy young Lady Fenton's childish dislike of the widow. He wishes to make love to her himself, and that is his way of setting about it. But Sir Charles is to be accused too of worse proceedings than any of these. It seems that he has brought to town, and retained in a bijou villa, a young woman of the name of Mary Mason, who had sold

butter and eggs, or something of the sort, in the country. In reality, he is innocent of any dealings with Mary Mason. She has been besieged, in truth, by the false friend, as duly appears in the sequel. The end is that Sir Charles and his wife are entirely reconciled. Love is not dead between them, though the day of friendship has dawned. Excellent Mr. Porter—who, having made his fortune in the colonies, where there is no aristocracy, had believed that well-bred people were wholly faultless—understands that his son-in-law has gambled a little, and in many ways has been foolish, but is spared the distress of having to believe that he is a knave.

There is a comic under-plot, which is very distinctly amusing, though a keen analysis might discover the fact that it is not quite natural. It deals with a certain Hon. Mrs. Hackabout, her son John Hackabout, and one Dolly Drew, who is in an extremely subordinate position on the London stage. It is with a cynicism that is rather overdone that Mr. Buchanan opposes the morals and the thoughts of Mrs. Hackabout, and the other people in society, to the morals and the thoughts of those to whom society offers no charm. Mrs. Hackabout does not in real life express with quite so appalling a frankness her opinion of the temporary connexions that may be formed by her son. There is, nevertheless, an element of genuine comedy in her change of attitude towards the young person Dolly Drew when she learns that her son has actually had the audacity to marry her. Dolly Drew is in a sense a second Polly Eccles. At all events, it is in that fashion that Miss Edith Bruce represents her. Miss Bruce is clever, but I think her impersonation a mistake. The Hon. Mrs. Hackabout is at all events polished; and she would never have been reconciled to a daughter-in-law so hopelessly loud—dare I, without offence to the lady, add so vulgar? The thing is too highly coloured. Miss Marion Lea, on the other hand, in her telling representation of the young widow of good society, does not overstep the limits proper to comedy; but it is well to remember that, while her art is seen in comedy, something more than her art is seen in pathos. Miss Fanny Robertson makes Johnny Hackabout's mother quite amusing, though she lacks a certain distinction. Johnny himself is represented to perfection by Mr. Cyril Maude. He is thoughtless, he is good hearted, he is inferior to Dolly in mental power—she leads him which way she will; and yet Mr. Cyril Maude manages to suggest that somehow he is not a nobody. The part of Mary Mason, which wants variety—being almost all upon one note of elegant affliction—is looked and acted very gracefully by Miss Banister.

Among the men's parts in "The Old Home," minor characters are sustained fittingly by Mr. Grove and Mr. Wheatman. Mr. Garthorne, with a touch of Mr. Kendal in voice and manner, yet manages to convey what Mr. Kendal hardly ever could—that the character he impersonates is a very bad lot. As Sir Charles Fenton, Mr. Erskine acts for the most part intelligently; but he is not sympathetic, and he so represents the part that we are much more apt to believe in Sir Charles's weaknesses than in such virtues as the author has allowed him.

Had Mr. Gillmore—who plays, to my entire satisfaction, in a piece in which I am more vitally interested—undertaken this character, he would have made it easier for us to forgive Sir Charles's faults and to believe in his qualities. To Mr. Fred Thorne's excellent character-acting in the part of Matthew Bramble—the genial Chorus to the story—I have already paid tribute; and Mr. Thomas Thorne, as Mr. Porter, is of course thoroughly at home in a character that is simple while yet it is shrewd, affectionate and irascible, sensible but homely.

The play itself, if it does not bear about it a complete proof of unity of design or of quite thoroughly original conception, at least interests us in its serious moments and entertains us in its lighter. Mr. Buchanan writes with vigour, and he aims many arrows—and some of them strike the gold—at the latest follies, now and then even at the latest wisdom, of to-day.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

"ELIJAH," the greatest oratorio of modern times, was given last Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace, with choir and band of festival size. It has generally been thought that Mendelssohn's music, with its complicated harmonies and orchestral lights and shades, could not be heard distinctly in the central transept. Handel alone, with his grand simplicity, was considered capable of indefinite enlargement. However, Saturday's performance proved that such fears were groundless. In spite of fine singing, the solos certainly did not produce their full power, but at the Handel Festivals the solos of the Saxon master suffer in like manner. In recording the success of "Elijah," it is well to remember some of the causes which produced so grand an effect. The voices had evidently been carefully selected; and the steadiness, precision, and delicacy with which the choral music was rendered, showed how carefully it must have been rehearsed. The volume of tone in the "Baal Choruses" and in the "Thanks be to God" was most impressive. But what appeared to us quite wonderful was the clear, soft singing in such choruses as "He that watcheth over Israel" and "The Lord God passed by." And then, besides careful selection and preparation, there was the coolness of the general in the heat of action. Of course, Mr. Mann's ability to preside over large forces is well known; but this time his undertaking was a somewhat hazardous one, and had he shown anxiety it would not have been surprising. But there was no trace of it. Signor Foli gave a dramatic rendering of the Prophet's music. Of the other principal soloists, it will be enough to mention their names—Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, and Mr. Lloyd. The valuable services of Miss E. Squire, Miss J. King, and Messrs. M. Humphreys, F. Davies, and Plumket Greene deserve recognition. The chorus and band numbered over three thousand. We should not be astonished if the brilliant result of this effort should lead to the inauguration of a Mendelssohn Festival at the Palace.

The seventh Richter Concert on the following Monday formed a striking contrast to the Palace performance. There Mendelssohn reigned supreme: here Wagner. We have no sympathy with those who would decry the one at the expense of the other. The sum of the whole matter is this: Mendelssohn could not have written "Parsifal," nor Wagner "The

Elijah"; and musicians who cannot enjoy both are not so fortunate as those who can. The Richter programme consisted entirely of Wagner's works, and it ought to be mentioned that the concert was given in conjunction with the Wagner Society. Mr. Lloyd sang magnificently the "Farewell," from "Lohengrin"; and Mr. Max Heinrich gave an excellent rendering of Sachs's Monologue from Act iii. of "Die Meistersinger." From the latter work was also given Sachs's address and the closing chorus; and from "Siegfried" the closing scene of Act i. The *Verwandlungsmusik* und *Gräl-Feier*, from the first act of "Parsifal," was given for the first, and we hope the last, time at a Richter Concert. Of course we know all that could be said in favour of presenting this excerpt. We might be reminded by enthusiasts that Beethoven's Symphonies were at first given by bits. We might be told that this taste of "Parsifal" will create a desire to know more of the work—in fact any amount of reasons might be assigned to show that good will come out of evil. "Parsifal" was attempted a few seasons back at the Albert Hall; and then a careful rendering of the music just enabled some of the audience who had been to Bayreuth to recall the marvellous sights and sounds of Wagner's great music drama. But the performance made but little impression on the public. How then could an "arrangement for concert use" of the Grail music be expected to make any impression at all. Those who came to admire must have gone away disappointed, and those who came to scoff must probably have remained to scoff. Amfortas's address to the knights, and other portions of the music, were left out, the bells of the Grail Temple proved ineffective on the concert platform, the voices in the choral music were not sufficiently subdued, and the brightly lighted St. James's Hall contrasted painfully with the dim religious light of the Grail Temple at Bayreuth. Herr Richter, to whom Wagner's works are so familiar, and who can picture to himself the Bayreuth stage, is probably quite unaware of the effect produced on the audience. But, if mistaken, there can be no doubt that he and the Wagner Society were both actuated by the best motives in giving this concert-version of the Grail music.

Dvorak's Quartet for strings in E (Op. 80) was given by Sir Charles Hallé at his seventh concert last Friday week. This, one of the composer's late works, shows plenty of skill and earnestness; but, at times, as Liszt once said in reference to a composition of Chopin's, "il y a plus de volonté que d'inspiration." Exception, however, must be made of the second movement which, were the authorship unknown, one might fancy to be from Schubert's pen. Sir Charles played Chopin's Nocturne in E (Op. 62, No. 2) and the Barcarolle (Op. 60) with his usual skill, and with more than his usual delicacy and charm. The programme included Grieg's Sonata in C minor, for piano and violin, and Brahms' Trio with horn (Op. 40).

Señor Albeniz gave a second pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall last Monday afternoon. His reading of Bach's Italian Concerto was a scramble, so far as the first and last movements were concerned. In some Scarlatti pieces his strength and dexterity of finger were made manifest; but his attempts to modernise the old master bordered on the ridiculous. His Chopin playing was unequal. He gave a good rendering of the Berceuse and of two Etudes, but his reading of two of the Polonaises was wild.

Mdme. Sembrich, who has not visited London for several seasons, appeared at Mr. E. Bach's Concert on Tuesday evening, and her fine voice and excellent method of singing won for her much applause. She sang an Aria of Mozart's,

and the "Ardon gl' incensi" from "Lucia," and after the latter was recalled thrice. Miss Lena Little sang with much success an effective Aria from Mr. Goring Thomas's "Nadeshda," written specially for the performance of that work at Berlin.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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